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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

May Fair. 12mo. pp. 174. London, 1827.
Ainsworth.

As we believe we are in possession of the first copy of this piquant and pleasant poem, we place our notice of it in the front of the week's battle. The versification is smooth and flowing, the ideas playful and satirical—and the exhibition of the world of fashion that of an adept and clever painter. Who the author is, we know not; but he appears to us to understand his subject well, to have mixed with the people whom he describes, and to have a perfect acquaintance with the upper circles of what is called life in the gayest seasons of London.

Having said these few words by way of preface, we shall no farther detain the public from May Fair; but afford it sufficient examples, by which it may form a fair judgment upon the work, and upon the talents of its clever and spirited author.

The cantos are severally dedicated to various persons (male and female) of rank in the community: the first to Lord Holland, and throws a very keen *coup d'œil* over some of his lordship's contemporaries in both houses.

"How often, in your evening chair,
I've seen your sweetest bosom bare;
When, circled by the chosen set,
Forgetting man was made to fret;
Glad as a school-boy from his task;
You told aside the day's dull mask;
Cared not a doil for all the din
Of Whig and Tory, out or in;
But at the glass its circuit ran,
Forgot the statesman in the man.

Then, as the unsought memories rose,
Discard the mighty in repose;
Or touch'd in smiles the stuff that passes
For wisdom in our world of asses;
Gave in your own unrivall'd way
The fierce formality of G—;
Old Gr-nv-le's triple-sentenced talk,
Like skin-milk thickened up with chalk.
(Alike his lordship's talk and tail
Differed to the nearest male.)

The nonense Lord George gets by rote,
Fit preface to his annual vote.
Old Bag's glance of fear and wonder,
When out bursts L—'s tide of blunder;
The conflict of the parts of speech,
When D— rises—'to impeach';
That emblem of a worn-out rattle,
That sits but never shares the battle.
The true prize-oxen speech and look,
That shows us to the life—the duke;
Or, giving all thy frolic swing,
Received Joe Miller in Joe K—
The sap-dried brain put out to nurse,
The pun for better or for worse;
The bounding tale, the desperate joke,
The economic plan of smoke,
Till laughter half-convulsed the ring—
And, all but conscience, there sat K—.

Thus, admitted of thy crew,
Have I sat till midnight dew;
Those delights which thou canst give,
With thee, H—d, will I live.
And with me among thy peers,
May'st thou live those thousand years!
Now, thou fatterest; best of men,
Smile upon thy poet's pen."

A description of May Fair itself follows, which we quote as a very racy specimen of the whole.

"Dear to my soul art thou, May Fair!
There Greenness breathes her native air;
There Fashion in her glory sits,
Sole spot still unprofaned by clits.

There all the mushroom, trading tribe
In vain would bully or would bribe:
The Rothschilds, Cautts, Goldsmits, Baring's,
In other spots must have their pairings;
We fix your bounds, ye rich and silly,
Along the road by Piccadilly;
Convenient spot for the approaches
Of cousins who keep hackney-coaches;
And duly (if the Sunday's fine)
Come down to pudding and port wine;
Or drop, like pigeons from a cage,
Six inches from the shilling stage.

Hail! seat of her that earliest stole
Just half my heart and all my soul!
Thou realm of all my Jersey's glories,
Sovereign alike of Whigs and Tories!

Hail now, for time the tenth, May Fair!
Though many a stable scent thy air—
Though many a butcher's plowing shambles
Startles the beauty's morning rambles—
Though to her horror many a Jew
Shews her past stockings 'goot as new'—
Though, swung from many a dyer's pole,
Old blankets catch her eye's blue roll:
And petticoats, in league with breeches,
Increase the atmospheric riches;

A sort of upper story bower
To filter the eternal shower;
And dropping down their dinky dew,
Veneer her skin with black and blue.
Yet land of *pench romaine* and plate,
Of dinners fix'd at half-past eight;
Of morning lozenges, of midnight rout,
Of debt and dun, of love and gout,
Of drowsy days, of brilliant nights,
Of dangerous eyes, of downright frights,
Of tables where old Sidney shines,
Of ladies famous for their wiles,
Grim countesses that make their way—
Resistless charmers!—by Tokay;

Of bold on dit and plain soupcon,
Known to all mankind but the one;
Of tedious M.P.'s, puffy peers,
Illustrious for their length of ears;
Of dice and doctors, Bowstreets, bars,
Crowds, concerts, chat, champagne, and cards;
Of all the S-m-rs, Br-d-ls,—Br-c-s,
The St-h-p-s, P-g-ts, G-w-rs, De-R-ses
Of desert, flirting, and quadrille;—
With all thy faults, I love thee still!
And, while I have a love to spare,
Dear to my soul art thou, May Fair!"

The opening of Spring in the capital is another good general example.

"At length comes out the virgin Spring,
Still under Winter's matron wing;
While storm and shower, and sleet and dust,
Like guardians, keep her still in trust.
Now all the beau-monde wake together,
Like swallows at the change of weather;
The belles, blue, deep blue, white, and brown,*
Make up their minds and cheeks for town.
The young, the old, the wed, the single,
Feel through their veins the annual tingle.

All peers with hoats of second sons,
All baronets sick of rustic duns;
All M.P.'s with unsettle voices,
Determined to new-line their coats;
All dames who, tired of pigeon-cooling,
Long to know what the world is doing;
All widows weary of their sable,
All mothers of the marriageable,
That, keen as bees about their honey,
Hunt every bush for man and money;
Spite of the wind's and rain's embargo,
Each coming with her native cargo.
First shewn to the discerning few,
Like pictures at a private view;
All vulgar bidders being ejected
Until the 'game' have been selected.

* "There is a delicate distinction between the blue and the deep blue. The former merely reads reviews, &c.; the latter writes them. The former merely falls in love with the works of poets, &c.; the latter falls in love with the poets, &c. in person. The former merely attends Albemarle Street, and is content to see Mr. Brande burn his own fingers, and sing his own minutely curled periwig. The latter practises the experimental philosophy at home, burns wig and fingers at her own expense, and blows up her husband and children.—S. R."

But if no high-born pencil mark it,
The sample then must play and park it;
And have its texture and its tint,
Like Uring's lace and Howell's chintz,
Displayed by the attendant matrons,
On Hymen's counter, the Spring patterns;
The blonde, the bronze—so much per set—
Each ticketed a coronet,
A jointure, pin-money; of course
A sum in case of a divorce—
(No age this of the flitch of bacon)—
Not five pounds under can be taken.

Sweet Spring! let hards of thorn and thistle
Tell the tired world how blackbirds whistle;
How rabbits at thy summons burrow;
How cackle hens, how ploughmen furrow;
How herst on herd of hunting squires
Play all the jacks, like their sires;
How maidens, at their suit made wives,
Repent it for their natural lives;
How, like a rogue fresh 'scaped from jail,
Limps Nature, ragged, squalid, pale,
Till her full feed of sun and air
Plumps up the thin, and clothes the bare.

Such topics fit the attic lodgers—
I know no more of fields than R-g-rs.
Now Fashion's realm is all alive—
Ah, *très heureux celui qui y vit*—

No more around the naked square
You send your desolated stare;
Lifeless, but where some half-pay sloner
Walks, when all Christians go to dinner;
No more along five miles of street
Rings the lone echo of your feet;
No more your half-reluctant knock
Sends round the squares the sudden shock.

The startled porter in the hall,
Doubts whether 'tis a human call;
And from the window, on his guard,
Inspects you ere he takes your card.
The beadle stops to reconnoitre—
Thinks that he knows your easy loiter;
And marks you, as you tread the gravel,
An old offender come from travel.
The footman, from his area grate,
Swears that you have an eye to plate—
Deems your high air but more suspicious,
And hurries to lock up his dishes.
Ecstatic change! the desert, den,
Is peopled: all May Fair again."

The delivery of cards at doors, when this wise and sensible period has arrived, is wittily specified.

"On sweeps your cab—you make your call:
Sow cards, broad-cast, the seed of balls;
For, if through life you'd take your fling,
A pasteboard friendship's just the thing.
'Tis quick to make, 'tis cheap to keep,
Its loss will never break your sleep;
It gives your friend no right to borrow—
If ruined, you cut him dead to-morrow.
You hear the duchess is done up—
You cast about where next to sup;
You hear the viscount's dead, or worse,
Has run his mortgage length of purse.
My lady from my lord revolted—
In short, the whole concern has bolted;
Yet you're no party in the quarrel,
In which you're sure to gain no laurel!
And though you grieve the house is dish'd,
Where twice a-week you soup'd and fish'd;
Yet, being neither aunt nor mother,
You drop your pasteboard with another."

Among the hundred fashionable topics which the author handles, there is a humorous account of a late (prevented) duel.

"A message!—Ay, the old shake-hands,
The game of questions and commands!
A drive to take a morning whet,
Then *déjeuner à la fourchette*."

"No, faith! a genuine thing—they fought:
I rode just now to see the spot.
The whole in form,—Sir Bob, a surgeon;
Sir R—nd, and a—Major Sturgeon;
'Six rounds! six paces—action hot!
'I'll eat whichever one was shot.'
'The battle early; quite a by-way'
'Yes: noon, upon the Hounslow highway."

'Tis true—the thing was *rather* known.
 Right! public men are not their own;
 And, whether give or take their wounds,
 Should war alone on public grounds.
 Spring-Soup had caught!—Or, got a hint—
 That patriot who but lives in print;
 That meteor of the Irish Whigs,
 That gentleman who deals in figs;
 Who, now that N-w-p-rt gets the quinsy,
 With 'Emerald Isle,' and so forth, dines ye;
 Gives you at second hand the tropes
 Of her incarcerated hopes.
 And looks the look, and groans the groan,
 Of her much-injured, long-hang'd Tone!
 Spring-Soup, the best man at a rub,
 Established runner of the club,
 Flew off full speed to bring the bows in—
 The rest the world of laughter knows.

"Long may he live, and they to tell it,
 Unalied by crab-stick, steel, or pellet!
 Long may their heels desire their shoes!
 Long may they scribble their reviews!
 Long may their brains and boxes rattle!
 Long may they wage the bloodless battle!
 Sooner may Hymen raise a furrow
 Beneath thy ringlets, Ell-n—
 Or—scorn to bow the knee
 To thee, illustrious lord in *fin*;
 Or flesh disguise the charger's bones,
 That stalks thee o'er the London stones—
 Sooner the little M-rch-n—es
 Be more adored, be talked of less;
 Or watch her truant Lord's *démarches*,
 Unaided by the Dean of Arches—
 Or C—lock her Opera-box,
 On hearing my Lord Marshal's knocks;
 While, conscious that his reign is done,
 Sulks through the evening F-l-n-rst-n—
 Sooner old T—mple look the D—e,
 Or bookworm Spencer read a book;
 Clerk St-n—h—p learn his shirt to button;
 B—d-rf talk any thing but mutton.
 Sooner may shave Northumbria's grace,
 Than living man twix R—g's face;
 Sooner write poetry, B—w—l—e—
 Than living man pull Sweepum's nose."

The second canto is addressed to Lady Jersey—

But R-g-rs says, the rub of rubs,
 Is Queen of *Hearts* turned Queen of *Clubs*?

But it is in vain for us, at our short notice,
 to endeavour to do justice to this sparkling and
 (we will venture to predict) popular volume;
 and we must content ourselves with copying
 out a few separable *heads*, which, like aspara-
 gus, may be taken without regard to other
 parts of the feast, or to combination with other
 dishes. A dinner after a horse-race, and an
 appeal to claret, shall commence these spec-
 imens.

"There, 'tis the etiquette, the winners
 Ask the bedeviled to their dinners.
 Oh! nights and banquets of the Gods!
 What odd discussions of the odds;
 What light opinions upon weights—
 What cool conceptions upon heats;
 What solid talk on drench and mash,
 Deep things on which the wisest clash;
 What lofty thoughts on hoof and heel,
 Round with the brains and bottles wheel!

Claret, true Lethé of all sorrows!
 Marchande of sunshines and to-morrows;
 Gay doctor of all human evils—
 Soft exorciser of blue devils;
 Light porter of Life's heaviest loads—
 Nurse of a hundred thousand odds;
 Fiddle, that makes even dandies dance—
 First, best ambassador of France;
 With more than diplomatic art,
 Fixing her interests in the heart;
 Lamp, that at midnight brightest glows—
 Cosmetic, that tints all with rose;
 Mistress, that never jilts our flame—
 Beauty, for fifty years the same.
 Cheerful without, as with a carriage—
 Nay, even bewitching after marriage;
 Brush, that Life's spatters out dust rub—
 Long live Queen Regent of the Club!
 There Wh-m-el-life counts no more his bets,
 J—his mortgages forgets;
 St-g—with 'both his hands in mortar,'
 Seize feels himself a shilling shorter;
 The C-h-e-l, S-ft-en, V-r—
 No more take measure of a palm;
 R—d no more, with hair on end,
 Hears all the world refuse to lend;
 Nay, even the lord of Donna Clara
 Takes comfort with 'Che sera sera.'"

The probable result of Captain Parry's expe-
 dition.

"He takes five hundred pecks of coals!"
 "No doubt he'll liquify the poles!"

• He's ballasted with flying sledges,—
 • The saints preserve the Arctic hedges!—
 • Some gallons of Sir Humphrey's acid,—
 • Just half a pint makes ocean placid!—
 • A liquid, with a Branah stopper,
 For raking—Brushwood upon copper.—
 • A set of patent music-boxes
 To lure the buffaloes and foxes;
 French watches for the Polar frows,
 The new steam-acting Perkin's ploughs;
 The seeds of all the favourite spices,
 The last machines for making ices.—
 The cargo quite a thing of tact—
 • Sir! listen, if you like a fact:
 After three months' ice-parading,
 After three months' masquerading,
 After three months' knocks and bumps
 That bring his luggage to her stumps;
 After loss of pipes and spoons,
 Deficit of pantaloon;
 Hairbreadth escapes of white bear paws,
 Sentimental loves of squaws;
 Just as he espies the channel,
 Brought to his last yard of flannel;
 All his best cigars burnt out,
 Winds all whistling 'right about';
 Quarter-day you'll have him back,
 With his volume in his pack."

An elopement to Scotland is overcharged,
 but very whimsical.

"Young ladies all, pray take example
 From this (by no means single sample),
 Of how much pleasant 'tis dressing,
 To constitute a ball-room's blessing;
 Taking from every curl the papers
 In sight of half-a-dozen tapers;
 Giving your beauty between whiffles
 Those sweet anticipation smiles;
 By which the bosoms of five hundred,
 Ere morn, shall of their hearts be plundered.
 Than sitting up without a light,
 'Twixt twelve and one o'clock at night;
 Your way, around your chamber stealing,
 O'er drawers, and trunks, and toilets reeling;
 All trembling, fearing, freezing, hoping,
 In preparations for eloping!
 I've known the thing gone through by dozens.
 It happened to my four first-cousins.

Determined ere her passions cool,
 To play the irrevocable fool;
 Just as the old ones turn their backs,
 The fair her best chemises packs;
 Was never so thought sent so slow—
 At length the lover stands below,
 The letter on the toilet lies,
 To wipe the household's mourning eyes.
 • Hope, anguish, duty, heart too tender—
 She's sure her mother would commend her;
 Chance, fate, forgive her—or forget her;
 All know the true elopement letter.
 She listens at the chamber-door,
 But not a soul will deign to snore;
 She trembles at the window's height,
 The very moon seems up in spite.
 Till safe on *terra firma* landed,
 By Cupid and the lover landed;
 Through mantraps, spring-guns, briars, and bran-
 dles.

The pair begin their marriage rambles.
 Snug in the by-way stands the chaise,
 Off go the spanking pair of bays;
 To Scotland turning all their noses,
 That road being always strewn with roses.
 Till fagged, and frightened, starved, pursued—
 By bar-maids envied, groans halloo'd;
 All dust, and heat, and smoke, and another,
 Already crop-sick of each other;
 Yet for true penitents decreed,
 They reach that Styx of Love—the Tweed.
 For England's vulgar groves and lawns,
 Now Scotia's landscape on them dawns;
 Beside them steals the muddy rill,
 Above them towers the naked hill;
 Around them vegetates the hovel,
 Where brutes, both two and four-legged, grovel;
 Where ladies gay, with scarlet locks,
 All innocent of shoes and smocks,
 Sit ground beneath the scanty sun,
 Doing—what cattle had better done!
 Till shewn, in pity to their sighs,
 The Smithy's sacred smokes arise;
 Where shines the drunken son of Etna,
 The high-priest of thy goddess, Gretna.
 Before him stand the culprits pale,
 Dim, dusty, dragged, head and tail:
 The lady like a drooping lily,
 'Twixt fear and smile, 'twixt sad and silly;
 The man, a man, no matter what,
 Love thinks too rapidly for thought.
 Down goes the clasp of the ring,
 The little loves all clap the wing:
 The fatal word's by Vulcan spoken,
 For which they'll wish his neck were broken."

The following are at random:—

• A Bachelor's Reflections.
 "Woe to the gay effluviator.
 At whom are levelled Gr-v-ile's pair!"

No more in single blessedness
 He wines it at the Knightsbridge mess;
 No more his tumbril stops the way
 Where Fashion throngs to see Perlet.
 He droops, neglects his tailor, dresses;
 Talks pastoral, writes verse by rans;
 Looks low in chintz and moustache;
 Thinks cards a bore, and hazard rash;
 Cuts all his well-dressed friends, grows mullah—
 In fact, plays to the life the fooliah.
 You'll see the hero on his rounds,
 Although the dinner-bugle sounds;
 Developing, with double spine
 The minnows of the Serpentine;
 And sullen, as if earth forgot him,
 Bespeaking lodgings at the bottom.
 At length (for water spoils the figure)
 He takes a fancy to the trigger,
 Sits gravely down to make his will,
 Feels, when 'tis done, he's living still;
 Thinks marriage easier of digestion—
 Dresses, drives out, and pops the question!"

A Host—a Bachelor Duke.

"In pour the crowd, a lovely mob,
 Gay plunderers, careless whom they rob;
 There L-m-b-ey's eyes of liquid black
 Make on the soul a fierce attack;
 There the last fragment of your freedom
 Is prize to thy twin sapphires N—m;
 There the last scruple of your heart
 Yields to thy white arm, B-u D-r-r-t;
 There roams the eloquent and crasy,
 Who sets her cap at East-ib-ey;
 There she, whose conquering pair of blushes
 Upeat the Lord of all the Russias;
 There she who, frigid below zero,
 Yet leads in chains our modern hero;
 There she—La Grande de l'Embassade,
 Soft as the pastures of Belgrade;
 There she, who, two feet nigher heaven,
 Gives heirs and happiness to L-v-n;
 And she whose coy espigle look
 Wrought miracles—inspired the Duke;
 When writing billet-doux with gas,
 He told his love on window-glass.
 Who the dear modesty can blame,
 That shew'd his fondness by his name—
 Kept all his blushes hid in night,
 Yet gave his secret soul to light,
 Till every mother thought her Emma
 Had brought him to the true dilemma;
 And, as the R-g-r pours the strain,
 All read their pleasure in his pane P."

We now give May Fair to the public; and
 when it unfolds its pages, on Monday or Tues-
 day next, we imagine we shall have created an
 appetite for it, which we are sure it will not
 balk. We do not mean to say that it is roast
 beef and plumb-pudding, or even house lamb
 and green peas; but it is a fashionable dish of
 various ingredients, tasteful, well cooked, sti-
 mulating, and gratifying. It is far above the
 class with which, from its subject, it may per-
 haps be set down; and the author, whoever he
 is, treating it as a trifle, has shewn himself to
 be a man of fine talents, humour, knowledge
 of the world, and wit.

Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur,
 chiefly respecting the Italian Opera in Eng-
 land for Fifty Years, from 1773: 12mo.
 pp. 163. London, 1827. W. Clarke.

Or this small but very interesting volume a
 first and private edition was circulated among
 the friends of the noble author; but the atten-
 tion it necessarily excited by its able treatment
 of, and great information upon, the popular sub-
 ject to which it is addressed, has fortunately
 induced the writer to continue his remarks
 down to the present time, and consent to the
 publication of his excellent *Musical Reminis-
 cences*. When we state that the noble person-
 age to whom we are indebted for this favour is
 no other than the Earl of Mount Edgumbe,
 we shall have prepared our readers for what
 they will find,—a just coup d'œil over the mu-
 sical performers and performances that have
 attracted notice during the last fifty-four years;
 —admirable criticisms upon their various styles,
 merits, and defects;—the impartial observations
 of an amateur of the most cultivated taste; and
 the decisions of one of the best judges, who
 has been most conversant with the science

which he has so prominently patronised for more than half a century.

We do not think that the audiences of London are musical. They are fond of music, especially where it is the fashion; but they are extremely ignorant, and readily imposed upon by trick and swagger. Of late, we are inclined to fancy, a little more knowledge has been gradually creeping in amongst us, and extending itself; but still the great majority of the public, who pretend to award the applause to merit, are badly fitted by ears or instruction for the task. There are many Midases to say,

Pan may remain:
Poll! quit the plain.

But both to the Midases and to the better informed, the perusal of this volume will be eminently advantageous. It will shew them what has been approved, and tell them why; and from the experience of the noble author, they may lay down a sort of code which will guide them on future occasions to distinguish real powers and talents from tricky mediocrity and puffed incapacity.

Claiming for the noble Lord the right to be considered as a high authority in the musical world, we may remind our readers that he has not only been distinguished through life as a connoisseur of the first order, but that he is a practical and a successful composer. It was in 1800 that Banti performed Metastasio's pathetic drama of Zenobia for her own benefit; which opera was the composition of Lord Mount Edgcombe, and, since, only withheld from performance against the wishes of managers by the personal determination of his Lordship, whose property the score is. Having stated these preliminaries, we now turn to the volume before us.

In his introduction his Lordship professes himself to be an admirer of the old school, "Having been" (he tells us) "passionately fond of music while music was really good, and having lived in what I consider as one of its most flourishing periods. So great a change has taken place within a few years, that I can no longer receive from it any pleasure approaching to that which I used to experience. The remembrance of the past is therefore infinitely more agreeable than the enjoyment of the present; and I derive the highest gratification music can yet afford me from hearing again, or barely recalling to mind, what formerly gave me such unqualified delight. This pleasure can no longer be expected from professors, at least the Italian; but many English amateurs retain like myself the love for the good old style, and for the compositions of those excellent masters which modern caprice has thrown aside as obsolete, but which must ever be considered by real judges as superior to the fantastical and trifling frippery of the modern school. My remarks will no doubt appear very old-fashioned, and it is natural they should be so; but if it were possible to suppose they should be read fifty years hence, I think it very probable they would then be considered to be founded in truth and justice; as the present fanciful style seems to be such as must speedily pass away, and be replaced by one more true to nature, more resembling at least, if not quite reverting to, that simpler kind which must invariably please all who are susceptible of feeling the genuine, unsophisticated expression of really fine music." To this position we, at

least, most cordially assent. We shall, nevertheless, glance rapidly over the earlier parts of these recollections, and give more of our space to those of later date; because, what is must be more interesting to our readers than what has been. We therefore pass away from Millico, Rauzzini, Gabrielli, Pacchierotti, &c. and shall merely notice Miss Davies as of historical interest.—"Miss Davies" (says the author) "was the first Englishwoman who had yet sustained the part of prima donna, and in that situation was second only to Gabrielli, whom she even rivalled in neatness of execution. Her elder sister played on the harmonica, an improved kind of musical glasses, and in the last edition of Metastasio's works is a cantata written for the one sister to sing, the other to accompany on that instrument. When I was in Italy, I found Miss Davies at Florence, unengaged, and poor. The English there subscribed for a private concert, at which both sisters performed. She afterwards came again to England, but being old and passé, did not succeed in obtaining an engagement."

Dropping down to 1786-1792, we are informed that "no new performers having arrived from Italy, the company was not completed till the middle of the season, which began with Madame Mara as first woman (and for a time the sole support of the opera): her first appearance on the stage. There being no first man, the tenor Babbini filled that part, and his own was assigned to Tasca, the bass, who had played in the comic opera of the preceding year. The first opera was Didone, a pasticcio, for which Mara had made a very judicious selection of songs, introducing four of very different characters, by Sacchini, Piccini, and other composers, all of which were so much and so equally admired, that two were encored every night, each of them receiving that mark of approbation in its turn. Mara's talents as a singer (for she was no actress, and had a bad person for the stage) were of the very first order. Her voice, clear, sweet, distinct, was sufficiently powerful, though rather thin, and its agility and flexibility rendered her a most excellent bravura singer, in which style she was unrivalled; and though she succeeded so well in some of Handel's most solemn and pathetic songs, yet while it was impossible to find fault, still there appeared to be a want of that feeling in herself, which, nevertheless, she could communicate to her hearers. Her performance in this opera was perfect, and gave entire satisfaction." At length, in the

primo buffo, tenor, prima buffa, buffo caricato, bass, seconda buffa, and ultima parte, bass. There were also the uomo serio, and donna seria, generally the second man and woman of the serious opera.

* Her exit is thus related—(about 1793): "At length she suddenly quitted the country, in no very creditable manner; for in the maturity of charms which had never been great, she eloped from her husband, an idle drunken man, and led player on the violoncello, and went off with the young flute-player Florio. With him she fled to the uttermost parts of Europe, and lived for several years in Russia, till, when she was almost forgotten, she re-appeared as suddenly and in as singular a manner as she had vanished. A very few years ago, an advertisement from Messrs. Knvyett announced for their concert a most celebrated singer whom they were not yet at liberty to name. This mysterious secret was soon after explained by another announcement, that Madame Mara's benefit concert would take place at the King's Theatre on an evening specified, no one being at all aware of her return to England, or even of her existence. She must then have been at least seventy; but it was said that her voice had miraculously returned, and was again as fine as ever. But when she displayed these wonderfully revived powers, they proved, as might be expected, lamentably deficient, and the tones she produced were compared to those of a *penry dragoon*. Curiosity was so little excited that the concert was ill attended; but this single exhibition was sufficient to induce Messrs. Knvyett to relinquish her services, and Madame Mara was heard no more."

Her autobiography has, since his Lordship wrote this, been announced for publication

spring (1788) "arrived the celebrated Marchesi, whose fame had long reached this country, and who had been extolled to such a degree, that impatience and expectation were raised to the highest pitch; and on the first night of his appearance the theatre was not only crowded to the utmost in every part, but on the rising of the curtain, the stage was so full of spectators that it was some time before order and silence could be obtained; and with some difficulty that Marchesi, who was to open the opera, could make his way before the audience. Marchesi was at this time a very well-looking young man, of good figure, and graceful deportment. His acting was spirited and expressive; his vocal powers were very great, his voice of extensive compass, but a little inclined to be thick. His execution was very considerable, and he was rather too fond of displaying it, nor was his cantabile singing equal to his bravura. In recitative, and scenes of energy and passion, he was incomparable; and had he been less lavish of ornaments, which were not always appropriate, and had possessed a more pure and simple taste, his performance would have been faultless: it was always striking, animated, and effective." At the close of 1792 his Lordship observes:—"No male singer of eminence now remaining in this country, and none having from this time appeared on our stage of equal excellence, I would here make a few general remarks on the three finest that have ever lived in my memory, and the last of their line, of any note or distinguished merit, that Italy ever produced. In comparing them together I should say that Rubinelli was the most simple, Marchesi the most brilliant, Pacchierotti the most touching singer. The style of the first was chaste and dignified; that of the second florid and spirited; while the third, combining all styles, and joining to exuberance of fancy the purest taste and most correct judgment, united every excellence, could by his variety please all descriptions of hearers, and give unqualified delight to every true lover of really good music."

During the next ten years, from 1793 to 1802, we select the following as the most appropriate remarks:—

"We are now come to an interesting period in operatical history, the arrival of Banti, whom I must ever consider as far the most delightful singer I ever heard. She had begun the world as a *cantante di piazza*, and as such having attracted notice by her fine voice, she had been taken from her humble calling, taught, and brought out as a singer in concerts, first at Paris, and then in England, as before mentioned, at the Pantheon, under the name of Giorgi. But though she had the best masters, she was an idle scholar, and never would apply to the drudgery of her profession: but in her, genius supplied the place of science, and the most correct ear, with the most exquisite taste, enabled her to sing with more effect, more expression, and more apparent knowledge of her art, than many much better professors. She never was a good musician, nor could sing at sight with ease; but having once learnt a song, and made herself mistress of its character, she threw into all she sung more pathos and true feeling than any of her competitors. Her natural powers were of the finest description: her voice, sweet and beautiful throughout, had not a fault in any part of its unusually extensive compass. Its lower notes, which reached

* Of these three celebrated singers Marchesi alone survives; Rubinelli died long since in the prime of life; and Pacchierotti a few years ago at Padua, where he had settled and lived in easy circumstances to an advanced age."

* The serious opera in the olden times "uniformly consisted of the following persons:—The primo uomo, soprano, prima donna, and tenor; the secondo uomo, soprano seconda donna, and ultima parte, bass. It had rarely more characters, and choruses were seldom introduced." The company for the comic opera consisted of

below ordinary sopranos, were rich and mellow; the middle full and powerful, and the very high totally devoid of shrillness: the whole was even and regular, one of those rich *voci di petto*, which can alone completely please and satisfy the ear. In her youth it extended to the highest pitch, and was capable of such agility, that she practised and excelled most in the bravura style, in which she had no superior; but losing a few of her upper notes, and acquiring a taste for the cantabile, she gave herself up almost entirely to the latter, in which she had no equal. Her first appearance in this country was in the opera of *Semiramide*, or *La Vendetta di Nino*, by Bianchi, and all her part in it was of the most beautiful description. Her acting and recitative were excellent, and in the last scene, where *Semiramide* dies, was incomparably fine. No opera ever had greater success or a longer run than this; indeed it was one of those of which it is impossible to tire."

It is curious to read this while another (*Rossini's Semiramide*, in *Pasta*, is equally running away with the town; and for contrast's sake we shall take a leap forward to quote what his Lordship says of the latter. In 1824, "Rozzi retained her former favour; but even she was soon eclipsed by the arrival of *Pasta*, who had sung here before, as second woman, in the year Cam-porese first came to England. She was then a young and promising singer, but, though very pleasing, was little noticed. This was fortunate for her, as here she might have remained in mediocrity; but returning to Italy she has there so improved as to have become a capital performer, and is now at the very head of her profession." After witnessing her performance in *Mayer's Medea*, his Lordship adds:—"Having heard her once before at a private concert, with, I own, less pleasure than I had anticipated, I had much curiosity to see her on the stage, and there she fully answered my highest expectations. In a small room her voice was too loud and sometimes harsh, her manner too forcible and vehement; * but in the theatre all blemishes disappeared: she is really a first-rate performer both as singer and actress, and that by mere dint of talent, without any very pre-eminent natural qualifications: for, though a pretty woman, her figure is short and not graceful; and her voice, though powerful and extensive, is not of the very finest quality, nor free from defects. No part could be more calculated to display her powers than that of *Medea*, which affords opportunities for the deepest pathos and the most energetic passion. In both she was eminently successful, and her performance both surprised and delighted me. None since *Banti's* had equalled it, and perhaps she even excelled her great predecessor as an actress, though in quality and sweetness of voice she infinitely falls short of her. It would be unfair not to add that the whole opera was well performed. *Caradori* acted and sang charmingly the tender, gentle part of *Creusa*;

* "It may here be remarked, that the modern music appeals the singers for concerts, especially in private houses. The constantly singing concerted pieces, adapted only for the theatre, gives then the habit of so forcing their voices that they know not how to moderate them to the small space of an ordinary room. Neither are noisy finales and such-like pieces suited to the place, or agreeable without the orchestra and without action. The ear is often absolutely pained by their loudness. Add to this, that few singers can venture upon pieces so difficult and intricate without having practised them together; so that the frequenters of the opera hear again in concerts only the same music they are perhaps satiated with at the theatre. How different this from the time when *Pacchierotti*, *Mara*, &c. could charm with an endless variety of the most beautiful songs, as well as by the delicacy of their execution of them."

and *Curioni* was animated and effective in that of *Jason*. Even the second tenor, *Torri*, who possesses a very sweet, but feeble voice, filled very creditably the part assigned to him. He has much taste, and is a pleasing singer in a room."

Of *Caradori*,* here mentioned, his Lordship says elsewhere; "Through from want of power she is not to be ranked in the first line of prima donnas, it may truly be said she is *without a fault*. Her voice is sweet, but not strong, her knowledge of music very great, her taste and style excellent, full of delicacy and expression. In a room she is a perfect singer. Her genteel and particularly modest manner, combined with a very agreeable person and countenance, render her a pleasing and interesting, though not a surprising performer."

But we must revert to a preceding period. His Lordship mentions that the compositions of *Weigl*, though an excellent composer, are little known in England; and of French science the opinion is given with equal force and laconism in these words:—

"Of French music the less that is said the better."—"The *grand opera* was in no respect improved: that human ears can bear it, is marvellous."

The next quotation may be received in one respect—the appearance of *Grassini* and *Billington* together—as a lesson by all the pseudo primos and primas of the present day. It is on other points replete with just criticism and information. His Lordship is speaking of the arrival of *Grassini* (1803), "who was engaged for the next season as first woman alternately with *Mrs. Billington*. This very handsome woman was in every thing the direct contrary of her rival. With a beautiful form, and a *grace* peculiarly her own, she was an excellent actress, and her style of singing was exclusively the cantabile, which became heavy *à la longue*, and bordered a little on the monotonous; for her voice, which it was said had been a high soprano, was by some accident reduced to a low and confined contralto. She had entirely lost all its upper tones, and possessed little more than one octave of good natural notes; if she attempted to go higher, she produced only a shriek, quite unnatural, and almost painful to the ear. Her first appearance was in *La Vergine del Sole*, an opera of *Mayer's*, well suited to her peculiar talents: but her success was not very decisive as a singer, though her acting and her beauty could not fail of exciting high admiration. So equivocal was her reception, that when her benefit was to take place she did not dare encounter it alone, but called in *Mrs. Billington* to her aid, and she, ever willing to oblige, readily consented to appear with her. The opera composed for the occasion by *Winter* was *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, in which *Mrs. Billington* acted *Ceres*, and *Grassini* *Proserpina*. And now the tide of favour suddenly turned; the performance of the latter carried all the applause, and her graceful figure, her fine expression of face, together with the sweet manner in which she sung several easy simple airs, stamped her at once the reigning favourite. Her deep tones were undoubtedly fine, and had a particularly good effect when joined with the brilliant voice of *Mrs. Billington*; but though, from its great success, this opera was frequently repeated, they never sang together in any other. *Grassini* having attained the summit of the ladder,

* "Caradori is a *nom de théâtre*; this amiable and interesting young lady is of a good German family; her name was *Mademaiselle Munk*, and now a *Mrs. Allan*; but she retains, and is better known by her theatrical appellation."

kicked down the steps by which she had risen, and henceforth stood alone. Not only was she rapturously applauded in public, but she was taken up by the first society, *fêted*, caressed, and introduced as a regular guest in most of the fashionable assemblies. Of her *private* claims to that distinction it is best to be silent, but her manners and exterior behaviour were proper and genteel. As I before observed, it was the comparison of these two rival performers that discovered to me the great superiority of *Mrs. Billington* as a musician and as a singer. But as every one has eyes, and but few musical ears, the superior beauty was the most generally admired, and no doubt the deaf would have been charmed with *Grassini*, while the blind must have been delighted with *Mrs. Billington*. For two more years both these singers continued to perform alternately, and the only material change in the company was the introduction of *Braham*, at first conjointly with *Viganoni*, and afterwards as sole first man when the latter quitted the country. Though it seems needless to say much of so well-known a performer, yet it is impossible to pass over a singer of *Braham's* reputation without some remark. All must acknowledge that his voice is of the finest quality, of great power, and, occasionally, sweetness. It is equally certain that he has great knowledge of music, and can sing extremely well. It is therefore the more to be regretted that he should ever do otherwise, that he should ever quit the natural register of his voice by raising it to an unpleasant falsetto, or force it by too violent exertion: that he should depart from a good style, and correct taste, which he knows and can follow as well as any man, to adopt at times, the over-florid and frittered Italian manner; at others to fall into the coarseness and vulgarity of the English. The fact is, that he can be two distinct singers according to the audience before whom he performs, and that to gain applause he condescends to sing as ill at the playhouse as he had done well at the opera. His compositions have the same variety, and he can equally write a popular noisy song for the one, or its very opposite for the other. A duet of his introduced into the opera of *Gli Orzi*, sung by himself and *Grassini*, had great beauty, and was in excellent taste."

[To be continued.]

Personal Sketches of his Own Times. By Sir *Jonah Barrington*, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. London, 1827. Colburn.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON is well known to the public in more ways than one. He long flourished as a lawyer and politician in Ireland; he has since been living not in obscurity in France; and between 1809 and 1815 he published five parts of *Historic Anecdotes and Secret Memoirs of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland*—a work which he now expresses his intention to finish. What it may turn out to be, we cannot foretell; but if we remember rightly, it was in its outset a fierce and furious attack upon *Lord Clare*, *Lord Castlereagh*, and others—displaying the writer rather in the light of a disappointed man. Indeed, there are some strong marks of the same feeling even in these

* "Braham has done material injury to English singing by producing a host of imitators. What is in itself not good, but may be endured from a fine performer, becomes insufferable in bad imitation. Catalani has done less mischief, only because her powers are unique, and her astonishing execution unattainable. Many men endeavour to rival *Braham*; no woman can aspire to being a *Catalani*."

Personal Sketches; but they are generally so smartly drawn, and contain such a fund of pleasant anecdote, that we must say we have rarely, if ever, met with a more entertaining publication. With a superabundance of Irish prejudices and partialities, for which allowances must be made by the reader; * Sir J. tells his stories in a very humorous way; and certainly the facts lose nothing in his hands. The volumes altogether form a cento of Irish characters, Irish manners, Irish adventures, Irish witticisms, and Irish opinions, for about fifty years; and a more amusing medley has seldom issued from the press. As our authority has observed little or no rule in his "rambling chronicle," so neither need we be very careful about classification. We are sure that, however we pitch our selections, we must of necessity make a laughable review: so here comes Sir Jonah. In his infancy, some more than sixty years ago, he says:—

"I have heard it often said that, at the time I speak of, every estated gentleman in the Queen's County was *honoured* by the gout. I have since considered that its extraordinary prevalence was not difficult to be accounted for, by the disproportionate quantity of acid contained in their seductive beverage, called rum shrub—which was then universally drunk in quantities nearly incredible, generally from supper-time till morning, by all country gentlemen, as they said, to keep down their claret. My grandfather could not refrain, and therefore he suffered well—he piqued himself on procuring, through the interest of Batty Lodge, (a follower of the family who had married a Dublin grocer's widow), the very first importation of oranges and lemons to the Irish capital every season. Horse-loads of these, packed in boxes, were immediately sent to the Great House of Cullenaghmore; and no sooner did they arrive, than the good news of *fresh fruit* was communicated to the colonel's neighbouring friends, accompanied by the usual invitation. Night after night the revel afforded uninterrupted pleasure to the joyous gentry: the festivity being subsequently renewed at some other mansion, till the gout thought proper to put the whole party *hors de combat*; having the satisfaction of making cripples for a few months such as he did not kill. Whilst the convivals bellowed with only toe or finger agonies, it was a mere bagatelle; but when Mr. Gout marched up the country, and invaded the head or the stomach, it was then called *no joke*; and Drogheda usquebaugh, the hottest-

* In speaking of the battle of Vinegar Hill, for example, he says, "The numerous pits crammed with dead bodies on Vinegar Hill seemed on some spots actually elastic as we stood upon them; whilst the walls of an old windmill on its summit appeared stained and splashed with the blood and brains of the many victims who had been piked or shot against it by the rebels." And he thus describes the death of Colonel Walpole: "No man ever came to a violent death more unwarily! Colonel Walpole was a peculiarly handsome man, an aid-de-camp to Lord Camden. With somewhat of the air of a *petit-maitre*, he flattered much about the drawing-room of the castle; but, as he had not seen actual service, he felt a sort of military inferiority to veterans who had spent the early part of their lives in blowing other people's brains out; and he earnestly begged to be entrusted with some command that might give him an opportunity of fighting for a few weeks in the county Wexford, and of writing some elegant despatches to his excellency, the Lord Lieutenant. The Lord Lieutenant sort of military indulged him with a body of troops, and sent him to fight in the county Wexford, as he requested; but on passing the town of Gorey, not being accustomed to advanced guards or flankers, he overlooked such trifles altogether; and having got into a duffle with some cannon and the Antrim regiment,—in a few minutes the colonel was shot through the head—the cannon changed masters—and most of the Antrim horses had each a pike, ten or twelve feet long, sticking in his carcase,—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" From these the spirit in which the book is written may be surmised.

distilled drinkable liquor ever invented, was applied to for aid, and generally drove the tormentor in a few minutes to his former quarters. It was, indeed, counted a specific; and I allude to it the more particularly, as my poor grandfather was finished thereby. *

"One part of the Irish people then invented a toast, called 'The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of William, the Dutchman;' whilst another raised a counter-toast, called 'The memory of the chestnut-horse,' that broke the neck of the same King William. But in my mind (if I am to judge of past times by the corporation of Dublin) it was only to coin an excuse for getting loyally drunk as often as possible, that they were so enthusiastically fond of *making sentiments*, as they called them."

Sir Jonah's description of his education is extremely piquant; but we must postpone its insertion, and pass to a revel in the country, during a vacation.

"Close to the kennel of my father's hounds, he had built a small cottage, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, his older wife, and his nephew, a whipper-in. The chase, and the bottle, and the piper, were the enjoyments of winter; and nothing could recompense a suspension of these enjoyments. My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of Christmas might probably prevent their usual occupation of the chase, determined to provide against any listlessness during the shut-up period, by an uninterrupted match of what was called 'hard going,' till the weather should break up. A hogshhead of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Quin, the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room, filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow above mentioned, chickens, bacon, and bread, were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop. My two elder brothers;—two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one of them afterwards a writer in India);—a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster;—Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt;—Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood;—and two other sporting gentlemen of the county,—composed the *permanent bacchanals*. A few visitors were occasionally admitted. As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's day, when the 'hard goers' partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their 'shut-up pilgrimage.' The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds

* King William's neck was not broken; but it was said that he got a fall from a chestnut horse, which hurt him inwardly, and hastened his dissolution."

upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms; the claret was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chants; the fiddler tuned his cremona; and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation, appearances which were not doomed to be falsified. I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry-thoughts, exciting equally the eye and appetite: fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shallots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts. Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxies to every jolly sentiment: the jokers cracked the usual jests and ribaldry: one songster chanted the joys of wine and women; another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox-chase: the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs: the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his forefinger into his ear (to aid the quaver,) gave the *view halloo!* of nearly ten minutes' duration; to which melody, *tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchocks, assumed the name of *devils*, to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer! My reason gradually began to lighten me of its burden, and in its last efforts kindly suggested the straw-chamber as my asylum. Two couple of favourite hounds had been introduced to share in the joyous pastime of their friends and master; and the deep bass of their throats, excited by the shrillness of the huntsman's tenor, harmonised by two rattling pipers, a jiggling fiddler, and twelve voices, in twelve different keys, all bellowing in one continuous unrelenting chime—was the last point of recognition which Bacchus permitted me to exercise: for my eyes began to perceive a much larger company than the room actually contained;—the lights were more than doubled, without any virtual increase of their number;—and even the chairs and tables commenced dancing a series of minuets before me. A faint *tally ho!* was attempted by my reluctant lips; but I believe the effort was unsuccessful, and I very soon lost, in the straw-room, all that brilliant consciousness of existence, in the possession of which the morning had found me so happy. Just as I was closing my eyes to a

twelve hours' slumber, I distinguished the general roar of 'stole away' which rose almost up to the very roof of old Quin's cottage. At noon, next day, a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on waking, two associates by my side, in as perfect insensibility as that from which I had just aroused. Our piper seemed indubitably dead! but the fiddler, who had the privilege of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever. The room of banquet had been rearranged by the old woman: spitchcocked chickens, fried rashers, and broiled marrow-bones appeared struggling for precedence. The clean cloth looked, itself, fresh and exciting: jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the refurnished table, and a better or heartier breakfast I never in my life enjoyed. A few members of the jovial crew had remained all night at their posts; but I suppose alternately took some rest, as they seemed not at all affected by their repelition. Soap and hot water restored at once their spirits and their persons; and it was determined that the rooms should be ventilated and cleared out for a cock-fight, to pass time till the approach of dinner. In this battle-royal, every man backed his own bird; twelve of which courageous animals were set down together to fight it out—the survivor to gain all. In point of principle, the battle of the Horatii and Curatii was re-acted; and in about an hour, one cock crowed out his triumph over the mangled body of his last opponent;—being himself, strange to say, but little wounded. The other eleven lay dead; and to the victor was unanimously voted a writ of ease, with sole monarchy over the hen-roost for the remainder of his days; and I remember him, for many years, the proud commandant of his poultry-yard and seraglio.—Fresh visitors were introduced each successive day, and the seventh morning had arisen before the feast broke up. As that day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes; the claret was upon its stoop; and the last gallon, mulled with a pound of spices, was drunk in tumblers to the next merry meeting! All now retired to their natural rest, until the evening announced a different scene. An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folks, of both sexes, in the neighbourhood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual, wound up the entertainment; and what was then termed a 'raking pot of tea,' put a finishing stroke, in jollity and good-humour, to such a revel as I never saw before; and I am sure, shall never see again. When I compare with the foregoing the habits of the present day, and see the grandsons of those joyous and vigorous sportsmen mincing their fish and tit-bits at their favourite box in Bond-street; amalgamating their ounce of salad on a silver saucer; employing six sauces to coax one appetite; burning up the palate to make its enjoyments the more exquisite; sipping their acid claret, disguised by an olive, or neutralised by a chestnut; lipping out for the scented waiter, and paying him the price of a feast for the modicum of a Lilliputian, and the pay of a captain for the attendance of a blackguard;—it amuses me extremely, and makes me speculate on what their forefathers would have done to those admirable Epiciques, if they had had them at the 'Pilgrimage' in the huntsman's cot. To these extremes of former roughness and modern affectation, it would require the pen of such a writer as Fielding to do ample justice."

Our space, however, warns us for the present to abstain from stories and descriptions of any

length, and to close this (our first, but by no means last) notice of Sir Jonah Barrington, with a sprinkling from the *jeux d'esprits* with which his work abounds.

"I recollect a Mr. Tom Flinter, of Timahoe, one of the first-class gentlemen,* who had speculated in cows and sheep, and every thing he could buy up, till his establishment was reduced to one blunt, faithful fellow, Dick Henesey, who stuck to him throughout all his vicissitudes. Flinter had once on a time got a trifle of money, which was burning in his greasy pocket, and he wanted to expend it at a neighbouring fair! where his whole history, as well as the history of every man of his half-mounted contemporaries, was told, in a few verses, by a fellow called Ned, the dog-stealer, but who was also a great poet, and resided in the neighbourhood. They were considered as a standing joke for many years in that part of the country, and ran as follows:—

Dialogue between Tom Flinter and his Man.

Tom Flinter. Dick! said he;

Dick Henesey. What? said he;

Tom Flinter. Fetch me my hat; says he;

For I will go, says he;

To Timahoe, says he;

To buy the fair, says he;

And all that's there, says he.

Dick Henesey. Arrah! pay what you owe! said he;

And then you may go, says he;

To Timahoe, says he;

To buy the fair, says he;

And all that's there, says he.

Tom Flinter. Well! by this and by that! said he;

Dick! hang up my hat! says he."

"One anecdote respecting an Irish inn may, with modifications, give some idea of others at that period. A Mrs. Moll Harding kept the *nearest* inn at Ballyroan, close to my father's house. I recollect to have heard a passenger (they are very scarce there) telling her, 'that his sheets had not been aired.' With great civility Moll Harding begged his honour's pardon, and said, 'they certainly were and must have been well aired, for there was not a gentleman came to the house the last fortnight that had not slept in them!'"

Sir Frederick Flood "was once making a long speech to the Irish parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration, by declaring 'that the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the lord lieutenant's favour,'—John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, 'and be whipped at the cart's

* "A first-class gentleman" was one of the independent yeomanry "then existing in Ireland. They were the descendants of the small grantees of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and King William; possessed about two hundred acres of land each, in fee farm, from the crown; and were occasionally admitted into the society of gentlemen, particularly hunters,—living at other times amongst each other, with an intermixture of their own servants, with whom they were always on terms of intimacy. They generally had good clever hounds, which could leap over any thing, but had never felt the trimming-scissors or currying. The riders commonly wore buck-skin breeches, and boots well greased (blacking was never used in the country), and carried large though whips, heavily loaded with lead at the butt-end; so that they were always prepared either to horse-whip a man, or knock his brains out, as circumstances might dictate. These half-mounted gentlemen exercised the hereditary authority of keeping the ground clear at horse-races, hurlings, and all public meetings, (as the soldiers keep the lines at a review). Their business was to ride round the inside of the ground, which they generally did with becoming spirit, trampling over some, knocking down others, and shoving every body who encroached on the proper limits. Bones being by very seldom broken, and skulls still seldom fractured, every body approved of their exertions, because all the by-standers gained therefrom a full view of the sport which was going forward. A shout of merriment was always set up when a half-mounted gentleman knocked down an interloper; and some of the poets present, if they had an opportunity, roared out their verses by way of a song to encourage the gentlemen."

tail:—'And be whipped at the cart's tail!' repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amidst peals of the most uncontrollable laughter."

"I will now," continues the author, "advert to Sir Boyle Roche, who certainly was, without exception, the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish parliament." Of him he relates the following, *inter alia*. "He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, bart.; and his lady, who was a 'bas bleu,' prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity (it was said) by forcing him to read 'Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire;' whereat he was so cruelly puzzled, without being in the least amused, that, in his cups, he often stigmatised the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics, to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of! His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying, 'Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *older* one still, he would have given her to you.' Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology. . . . Sir Boyle Roche was induced by government to fight as hard as possible for the union:—so he did, and I really believe fancied, by degrees, that he was right. On one occasion, a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. 'Gentlemen (said he) may titter, and titter, and titter, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again; and so they can't decide right now; but when the day of judgment comes, then honourable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent union. Sir, there are no Levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in *marrying our own sister*.' He was a determined enemy to the French revolution, and seldom rose in the house for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. 'Mr. Speaker,' said he, in a mood of this kind, 'if we once permitted the villainous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There,' continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, whilst he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans; 'There, Mr. Speaker! if those Gallican villains should invade us, sir, 'tis on that *very table*, may-be, these honourable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps a-top of one another! Here perhaps, sir, the murderous *marshal-lau-men* (Marseillois) would break in, cut us to mince-meat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!' Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland:—'It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker,' said he, 'to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve the remainder!'"

We must now, however, finish, which we do with that prince of punsters, Lord Norbury.

"Lord Norbury," says Sir Jonah, "had more readiness of repartee than any man I ever

knew who possessed neither classical wit nor genuine sentiment to make it valuable. But he had a fling at every thing; and failing in one attempt, made another,—sure of carrying his point before he relinquished his efforts. His extreme good temper was a great advantage. The present Lord Redesdale was much (though unintentionally) annoyed by Mr. Toler, at one of the first dinners he gave (as Lord Chancellor of Ireland) to the judges and king's counsel. Having heard that the members of the Irish bar, of whom he was then quite ignorant, were considered extremely witty, and being desirous, if possible, to adapt himself to their habits, his lordship had obviously got together some of his best bar remarks (for of wit he was totally guiltless, if not inapprehensive), to repeat to his company as occasion might offer; and if he could not be humorous, determined at least to be entertaining. The first of his lordship's observations after dinner was the telling us that he had been a Welsh judge, and had found great difficulty in pronouncing the double consonants which occur in the Welsh proper names. 'After much trial,' continued his lordship, 'I found that the difficulty was mastered by moving the tongue alternately from one dog-tooth to the other.' Toler seemed quite delighted with this discovery, and requested to know his lordship's dentist, as he had lost one of his dog-teeth, and would immediately get another in place of it. This went off flatly enough, no laugh being gained on either side. Lord Redesdale's next remark was, that when he was a lad, cock-fighting was the fashion; and that both ladies and gentlemen went full-dressed to the cockpit, the ladies being in hoops. 'I see now, my lord,' said Toler, 'it was then that the term cock-a-hoop was invented.' A general laugh now burst forth, which rather discomposed the learned chancellor. He sat for a while silent, until skating became a subject of conversation, when his lordship rallied, and with an air of triumph said, that in his boyhood all danger was avoided; for, before they began to skate they always put blown bladders under their arms, and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyant and saved. 'Ay, my lord,' said Toler, 'that's what we call blatheram-skate in Ireland.' His lordship did not understand the sort of thing at all, and (though extremely courteous) seemed to wish us all at our respective homes. Having failed with Toler, in order to say a civil thing or two, he addressed himself to Mr. Garrat O'Farrell, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse national humour about with him,—a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow, with a great aquiline nose and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost. 'Mr. Garrat O'Farrell,' said the chancellor solemnly, 'I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in county Wicklow. I think I was introduced to several of them during my late tour there.' 'Yes, my lord,' said O'Farrell, 'we were very numerous; but so many of us have been lately hanged for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county.' His lordship said no more."

The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton.
12mo. 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1827. W. Blackwood.

THIS is a work of much power and originality, the production of a mind of great natural

gour, enriched with stores of acquired knowledge, conversant with the different aspects and hues of variegated life, and equally sensitive to the beautiful and the bizarre, the pathetic and the humorous. In a slight but well-contrived frame-work of fiction the author has interwoven the events of an active and chequered life, together with portraiture of manners and character, drawn, not from fancy, but observation: he carries his hero through scenes in which he himself has evidently mingled; and describes with the vivid freshness and truth of actual experience the college and the camp, the counting-house of the merchant and the bivouac of the soldier, the passions and frivolities which agitate domestic life, and the wild and tumultuous excitation of the battlefield. In the boudoir of the fair, and the cottage of the peasant—the mess-room of the crack corps, and the vulgarities of the civic feast—he is equally at home, and possesses the faculty of bringing them before us in full presentment, and with such perfect verisimilitude, that, for the moment, we fancy ourselves part and parcel of the scene. Altogether, *Cyril Thornton* is one of the most masterly sustained and interesting productions which have issued from the press in our (L. G.) time.

One of the most remarkable features of this able work is the military sketches which it embodies. Of themselves these would be amply sufficient to insure its popularity; for, after all that has been written on the subject of the Peninsular campaigns, the author of *Cyril Thornton* has proved that much yet remains to be told, and that what we previously knew can be brought before us with all the attractions of novelty when described by a powerful and masterly hand. We will venture to affirm, that, even at this time of day, his account of the battle of Albuera, and of the inexpressible blunders which led to the carnage of that dreadful field, will be read with breathless interest; and from this striking specimen of his powers, we shall look forward with high expectation to the appearance of his *History of the Campaigns of the British Armies in Spain, Portugal, and the South of France, from 1808 to 1814*, which is announced as preparing for the press.

With these few observations we shall proceed to lay before our readers such extracts from this truly delightful work as will enable them fully to appreciate the justice of the character we have given of it.

The hero of this autobiography, who is supposed to be an Englishman, has had the misfortune, in a sporting ramble, to shoot his elder brother dead on the spot. Upon this dreadful calamity hinges the whole character and complexion of his future life. Under the sudden access of that crowd of tumultuous passions which overwhelmed the mind of the accidental and innocent fratricide, his reason, for a time, became eclipsed, and when he awoke to consciousness and sense, he found that he had become an object of unconquerable dislike to his father, who had doated on his eldest son. After some discussion between the parties, it is, therefore, resolved to send Cyril to the University of Glasgow, the more especially as he had a maternal uncle in that city, David Spreull by name, an honest, well-doing, wealthy merchant, to whose care he is consigned, and who, we may mention *en passant*, is admirably delineated throughout. On his arrival he is invited to dine with the worthy merchant, and the following scene takes place:—

"Here's the health o' your father, and your leddy mither; your brith—na, yer sisters." And may God Almighty bless them!"

exclaimed I, a little elevated by what I had drank. 'Amen!' ejaculated my uncle, as he raised his glass. 'In giving the toast,' continued he, 'the name o' pur Charles just cam', without thinking, to my lips, though I ken he's dead; weel I wat his death mairn has been a waesome loss to your parents. I mind him weel when I was at Thornhill; he was the gleggest and the funniest wee chiel' that ever gladdened my een; and yet, for a' that, he would often put his wee hand in mine, and walk out wi' me quite quietly and duncely, just as if the bairn likit the company o' an auld man like me. And he would tell me about his powney and his dows, and fleech wi' me to gang and look at them, and happy was the wee man when I gaed wi' him. I wat he wasna like you, little sinner as ye was, that would never bide w' me two minutes on end, but come toddin ahint me, and pook me by the coat-tails, and then rin awa' laughin', as fast as your twa fat legs wad carry ye. An' yet ye was a blithe an winsome bairn too, though I'll no say but I likit him the best. An', wae's me, he's gane! Is't no strange, that Death should tak' a young and gleesome creature like that, and leave an auld man like me? But the ways o' Providence are no to be accounted for. Oh, but it gars me grue to think on him! The old gentleman was not much accustomed to the melting mood; and there was a striking, perhaps, to an indifferent spectator, a ludicrous contrast between the warmth and tenderness of feeling displayed in the matter spoken, and the gruff and saturnine expression with which it was delivered. An occasional huskiness and tremor was discernible in his voice; and he found it necessary several times to clear his throat with a cough so loud and sonorous, as to prove that his difficulty of utterance did not originate in the feebleness of his lungs. 'But there's yae part,' continued he, after a short pause, 'there's yae part o' the letter ye brought me that I dinna ver weel understand; and I wad like to hae't redd up to me, for I've an unco interest in a' that concerns your family.' So saying, he produced from his pocket a letter, folded in the shape in which letters of business are usually preserved, and bearing the following indorsement:—

Thornton, Mrs. Elizabeth.
Thornhill, 23d September, 18—;
Concerning son Cyril, and sundries;
Received 27th September, 18—;
Answered ————

And having adjusted his 'spees,' read aloud from it the following extract:—'You have of course received intimation of the terrible infiction with which it has pleased God to visit this family. The dreadful accident by which we had to deplore the loss of one son, long left us little ground on which we could found a hope for the preservation of the other. I thank God, however, he is at length restored to us —.' 'Now,' my uncle continued, though I kent, wae's me, that pair Charles was dead, afore I got your leddy mither's letter, yet I never heard tell o' the awfu' accident she speaks about, nor how your life came amais to be despaired o', and it would be a great satisfaction to me to hear a' the sad story; for Charles had wun himsell into my heart in a way I never tell't naebody when he was leevin', for fear o' settin' folk a bletherin'. But, noo he's dead, it's nae matter. It often seemed strange to mysell that his figure haunted me like a ghaist. It's true, I seldom thoet on him by day, yet he was aye present in my dreams at night, wi' his blue e'en, and his gowden hair, lookin' up an dounce and sweetly in my face; for his looks differed a bantle frae

* "An Irish vulgar idiom for 'non-sense.'"

yours, and he had neither your black curly pow, nor your dark e'en. It wad be a sad pleasure to me to hear how the bonny innocent cam by his death.' My uncle had been too much engrossed with his own feelings to think at all of mine. I sat writhing in my chair as he spoke. Every word had been torture. I felt the blood rush in volumes to my head, and my temples throb almost to bursting, and then, by a sudden revulsion, it was again thrown back upon my heart, and lay a load upon my life-springs. But this subsided. What I had drank, though far too little to disturb the serenity of an older and sounder head, was yet enough to act as a strong stimulus to a brain which, like mine, had scarcely recovered from the effect of recent inflammation. I was spurred on to comply with my uncle's wishes by a strange and unnatural excitement, and I narrated, with a shuddering and shrinking heart, the circumstances of the fatal story. I stood while I spoke. At first, the wild energy of my manner seemed to strike him with surprise, but as my narrative approached the horrid catastrophe, he too became overpowered by emotion, and starting from his chair, came and clasped me in his arms. 'Say nae mair, Cyril—for the love o' God, say nae mair. I ken, I see, I understand a' noo.' And he kissed my forehead, and as I looked on him, I saw the tears roll down the furrowed channels of his cheeks. Scott and Wordsworth, both undoubtedly high authorities in every thing connected with the human heart, agree that there is something more than ordinarily moving in 'the tears of bearded men.' It was perhaps fortunate, in the dangerous state of excitement in which I then was, that those of my uncle served in some degree to divert the current of my emotion. 'Ay,' said he, observing my gaze fixed on him, 'ye may see I'm greetin'. I'll no deny't; but it's no for him, it's for you.' And he once more pressed me in his arms. 'Poor Cyril! it wants nae words to tell me how your life came to be amaist despair'd o'; yet, blessed be Providence, ye've been sparet, and come safely through your awfu' trials. Ye may believe me,' said he wiping his eyes, 'these are the first draps that through a lang life have wat my e'en. I have never kent the blessing of a tear sin my mither's death, and then I was just sixteen year auld; and I little thoct that anything could have gart me greet in my auld age.'"

This is indeed a truly natural and most characteristic picture: nor can we omit Thornton's masterly and characteristic sketches of three distinguished ornaments at Glasgow College at the period of his attendance—Professors Richardson, Young, and Jardine.

"Of Professor R—— I have already transiently spoken. He was certainly a person of elegant accomplishments, and, as a man of the world, stood unrivalled among his colleagues. It must be a rare circumstance, that an obscure northern university can number in its members, a person who like him was qualified to shine in a more conspicuous, if not a higher sphere. Of the depth of his learning it is not for me to speak; but I believe it was his ambition rather to be distinguished as a poet and a polite writer than as a scholar—that he would have preferred the character of the Addison to that of the Porson of his age. Perhaps this bias of his inclinations proceeded from a knowledge of his own powers, and he chose that walk in which he was qualified to shine, in preference to one which he could have pursued with little prospect of distinguished success. If so, he did wisely. In the 'Characters of Shakspeare's Plays,' he has left

behind him a work which may serve as a model of elegant and philosophical criticism, and which, notwithstanding all that has since been written on the subject, still maintains its place in our literature. In poetry he was less successful. What, in the present day, can be said of a *rondeau* on a rose, or an *idyllium* on a lady knitting? He wrote a play, too, which, if I remember rightly, was damned; if not, it should have been so. His mind was essentially unpoetical. He could not disembody his spirit, and quicken with it the beings of a new creation. His soul was chained to its tenement, and bore about it too plainly the marks of scholarship and criticism. It was not the soul of a poet, but of Professor R——. No person could have filled the chair of humanity with greater usefulness and success. His mind was thoroughly imbued with the beauties of Roman literature; and he was happy in the mode of communicating his instruction: though it must be confessed, that a gentleman distinguished, as he was, for the elegance and refinement of his manners, was not the person best calculated to maintain a constant subordination in the crowd of turbulent and vulgar boys by whom he was surrounded. Mr. R——, I think, was somewhat of a misogynist; at all events, he was not partial to female society, and seldom mingled in it. He was a bachelor; and there were rumours afloat among the students, of an attachment to a Russian princess, when he resided at Petersburg with Lord R——, which was believed to have occasioned the celibacy of his future life. In large and mixed society, he was perhaps a little formal and precise. It may be, that he disliked the general tone of society in Glasgow, and it probably was so. But of a small and select circle, he was the life and the ornament. I look back with pleasure and gratitude to those hours of familiar intercourse which I enjoyed as an inmate of his family, when, veiling the high claims of his age and character, he appeared only as the companion and the friend.

"The Greek chair was filled by Professor Y——. He it was who made the strongest and most vivid impression on my youthful mind, and it is his image which is still imprinted there by the most deeply and ineffaceably. That he was a profound and elegant scholar, I believe has never been denied. No master ever ruled with more despotic sway the minds of his pupils. None ever possessed the art of communicating his knowledge so beautifully and gracefully,—of transfusing the glowing enthusiasm of his own mind into that of his audience. Over every subject to which his great powers were devoted, did he cast a mantle of grace. From him a dissertation on the digamma, or a Greek particle, became instinct with interest. His mind was the real philosopher's stone: it transmuted all baser metals into gold. I cannot analyse his character, and examine its separate elements. He appears to me only one grand and majestic whole, and as such only can I consider him. The admiration which he inspired in my youth, still remains undiminished; it enters vitally into my idiosyncrasy; it is part and parcel of me, and must remain with me till I die. No thing could be more captivating than the eloquence with which he treated of the liberty, the literature, and the glory of ancient Greece, while tears of enthusiasm rolled down his cheeks. He was naturally a great and effective orator; and had his powers been called into action in a different field, he might have added something to our scanty and imperfect records of national eloquence. It has always seemed to me, that his mind bore some resemblance to

that of Burke. It possessed, I think, though perhaps in a smaller degree, the same vivid and creative power, and delighted in the same prodigal diffusion of intellectual riches. Like Burke, too, he felt all the influence of the spells he cast on others, and his own heart trembled at the images of dread or beauty which he conjured up from the depth of his imagination. Professor Y—— was scarcely known as an author. I believe he published nothing but a *Continuation of Johnson's Criticism on Gray*, a *jeu d'esprit* rather too voluminous to be very happy,—and a *Translation of the Odes of Tyrtæus*. This is probably not exactly the portrait I should have drawn of this eminent person had I known him in maturer years, and been capable of exercising a cooler and more discriminating judgment on his character; but such is the impression he left on me, and that impression is indelible.

"Under Professor J—— I was initiated in the more simple and elementary principles of metaphysics; and the year in which I became his pupil, I have ever looked back upon as the greatest intellectual era of my life. Until Mr. J—— assumed the chair of logic, I believe the studies of the class had been exclusively devoted to the acquisition of the Aristotelian philosophy, a branch of knowledge not in itself very generally useful, and in the mode of teaching it not fraught with any peculiar advantage to the student. Of all men, Professor J—— is perhaps most entitled to be called a *radical reformer*. He saw at a glance the deficiency of the system which till then had existed. He knew that the means were every thing, and the end comparatively nothing; that it was little to acquire a knowledge of the philosophy of Aristotle, but all in all to bring into full action and development the dormant faculties of youthful minds. He did not hesitate, therefore, at once to overthrow the whole system followed by his predecessors, and to introduce a course of study in its place, marked throughout by practical good sense, and an extensive and thorough knowledge of the human mind. No success was ever more brilliant and decided; and I believe I may safely say, that the logic class is now admitted by all who have, like myself, experienced its benefit, to be paramount in importance to every other in the circle of academical study. Professor J——, I believe, has outlived his contemporaries, and still survives. Like the last oak of the forest, he stands the sole relic of a generation which has passed away. He too is soon destined to fall, but surely not unhonoured."

Unhappily, the last of this illustrious triumvirate no longer survives. Full of years and honours, Professor J. has been gathered to his fathers since the author penned the concluding sentence of the grateful tribute which we have just quoted.

A Glasgow dinner, or rather debauch, is no very attractive affair even now; but it seems to have been a truly grotesque concern some quarter of a century ago. A description of one will be read with great amusement at page 105 to 121 of Vol. I.; though too long for us to quote. Even the following remarks will not probably be relished by the Glaswegians; but they are as true as Holy Writ, and exemplify that bold, uncompromising sincerity for which these volumes are honourably distinguished.

"It is perhaps an advantage to Glasgow, as a seminary of education, that it affords none of the appliances of elegant dissipation. Nowhere else does vice meet the eye so perfectly

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denuded of those external decorations with which refinement too often succeeds in hiding her deformity. She there appears not as a young and captivating female, rich in guilty and seductive blandishments, but as a haggard and disgusting beldame. To be dissipated in Glasgow, one must cease to be a gentleman. He must at once throw off all the delicacy with which nature or education have invested him, and become familiar with the squalid haunts of low and loathsome debauchery. Youth cannot do this. At that age even the visions of sensual enjoyment are mingled and connected with high intellectual excitement. In the very strength and ardour of his passions, there is safety. He contemplates the glowing pictures of love and beauty, which teem in his imagination; and he is guarded as with a sevenfold shield from the assaults of gross and vulgar pollution."

At length Thornton quits college, and fixes his thoughts on the army. The scene between him and his father, when the latter gives his consent to his son's choice of a profession, is singularly striking and original.

"While I was endeavouring to arrange my ideas for an éclaircissement, and hesitating whether I should solicit an interview verbally or by a letter, I received one morning a message from my father, commanding my presence in the library. My heart throbbed violently, for I felt the long-looked-for moment was come, in which the character of my future prospects, perhaps the happiness of my life, was to be decided. Endeavouring, therefore, to concentrate my ideas as much as, in the agitation of my thoughts, was possible, I proceeded to the conference, filled with the deepest anxiety for its result. When I entered the library, my father was seated at a table, engaged in writing, but on my entrance he rose, and having twice paced the apartment, remained standing in front of the fire-place. Then turning towards me, and looking at me for the first time, he said, 'Be seated.' I obeyed. 'I have sent for you, sir,' continued he, 'because I think the time has at length arrived when it is fitting we should come to a mutual and clear understanding. You are a young man, and have your way to make in the world. Have you thought of a profession?' 'Long and deeply.' 'And, of course, feel that your own knowledge and experience are of themselves perfectly competent to decide your choice? Is not this so?' There was something of a sneer discernible on his countenance as he spoke, and I did not answer. He went on. 'You say you have considered the subject of your future profession long and deeply—coolly and dispassionately had been better words, and more to the purpose. You had once a boyish inclination for the army. Does this still continue, or has some newer whim supplanted it?—Speak, sir!' 'My sentiments are still unchanged. I feel that for no other profession has nature qualified me. In a military life are centered all my hopes and wishes, and my heart tells me I must be a soldier or nothing.' 'So, I thought as much; and since I now understand your views and intentions, it is fitting you should understand mine. Mark well, sir, what I am about to say to you, for every syllable of it concerns you deeply. When Dr. Lumley formerly communicated to me your wishes in regard to a profession, I need not tell you I had two sons, and you were the younger. As such, you could expect but a slender provision, and the military life is one in which poverty is, perhaps, attended with fewer evils and privations than any other. I did not, therefore, think it

necessary to oppose your inclinations. Since then, you know how the aspect of this family has been changed. Deep and sad changes have occurred. Your elder brother is no more, and of his death you were the cause. I do not mean to accuse you—the innocent cause, if you will—but still by that very hand, pointing as he spoke, and slightly shuddering, 'he received his death; and when you returned, I saw it—yes, I saw it—red with his blood. Nay, I would not willingly wound your feelings,' observing my emotion; 'but I have often thought, and cannot but still think, how much sorrow and suffering had been spared us all, had it but pleased God that you had never breathed, or had been mercifully snatched from us in the cradle.—Compose yourself.' I had indeed need of composure. Had I been stretched on the rack, I feel convinced my sufferings would have been less acute than those I endured during this harsh and unfeeling address. As he uttered it, I kept my eyes fixed on his countenance, as if with all my energies collected to brave the storm. Not once, even when his words pierced deepest, did I withdraw them. At one moment, it seemed as if he quailed beneath their gaze, for he turned his face half from me, and looked upon the ground. I endeavoured, with all my strength, to be calm, and my face, I believe, was so; but beneath, every nerve and muscle of my body seemed heaved into distinct and separate action, which I had neither the power to command nor to repress. My frame shook as if with an ague. My father betrayed signs of vehement emotion, both in speech and gesture, and the composure he prescribed to me was evidently not unwanted by himself. He paced several times up and down the apartment, and then confronting me, in his former station, he resumed:—'You are now an only son, and probably expect to enter on life with greater advantages and higher prospects than before. The world, of course, look on you, and you perhaps look upon yourself, as the heir to this estate. Indulge not in such a delusion. It is but justice to let you know your real situation. While another child of mine survives, Thornhill will never be yours. Such is my determination; and if you view it calmly and aright, you ought not, you cannot, wish it otherwise. You have been made the instrument of divine vengeance on your family. Would you accept reward for this? Through your murderous negligence your brother lost his life. Would you, could you, turn fratricide to profit, and take wages for your brother's blood? Think you, wealth thus acquired would come to you unburdened by a curse? Or could you for a moment drown, amid its poor pitiful enjoyments, the remembrance of the price you paid for them? Believe me, in this respect, at least, I am not unjust to you, and doubt not that you would cast from you, as a loathsome thing, fortune so detestable and unhallowed in its acquisition. Were it otherwise, I should disown you for my son, and spurn you from my threshold. But enough. Expect nothing from me but the provision you were originally entitled to as a younger son. You now know the footing on which you will enter the world. Whatever your inclinations may be, in regard to your future pursuits, I will not oppose them. But ponder well before you decide. In the church there is a living in my gift, to which, if you take orders, you may reasonably look forward. In the army, I can assist you little. In this matter, however, I wish not to influence you; let the decision be your own. At present retire, and at some other time I will be glad to learn the issue of your deliberations.'"

We do not like to divide the review of a novel; but this is so much to our taste, that we must resume it in another Gazette.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Karmath: an Arabian Tale. By the Author of "Ramesis." London, 1827, C. F. Cock; G. B. Whittaker: Bath, J. Upham.

THE author of this very interesting tale justly remarks, it is matter of surprise that so little use has been made of mythology so splendid, and fables so varied, as those in the wild histories of the East; and has set in these pages an example which well merits being followed. Evidently master of his subject, he has used the strange and fearful machinery of oriental enchantment with great effect in a very attractive legend. Depending on the interest it excites, the mysteries which it gradually develops, this volume is not well calculated for quotation, unless at a greater length than our limits admit. But if our praise can at all induce the author to pursue his plan, we can assure him he has it most cordially. As a picture of Arab manners and superstitions, Karmath is unique.

The Life of King Arthur, from Ancient Historians and Authentic Documents. By Stephen Ritson, Esq. London, Payne and Foss.

WE have here a very curious and interesting little volume, with a preface of good critical remarks, and the whole recommended to the public by a name stronger than any praise of ours, that of the late Mr. Ritson. There is a vast quantity of information relative to our early history to be found in these (172) pages.

The Trial of the Wakefields, &c. 12mo. pp. 303. London, J. Murray.

A CORRECT report of this case, at once interesting to the curious and important to the legal reader, is here given. The glaring defects of the law as applicable to the question; the infamous effrontery of the perpetrators of this horrible outrage upon the happiness of families and the well-being of society; and the anomaly by which Scotch moral marrying saved from English criminal abduction,—are all well worthy of attention, and we would add of improvement, if we did not know that mending the laws, for the last hundred years at least, has been exactly like the tinker's mending the kettle—stopping the old hole, and making six new ones.

Catholicism in Austria, &c. By Count F. dal Pozzo. 8vo. pp. 252. London, J. Murray.

THIS volume contains an epitome of the Austrian ecclesiastical law, from which an argument is deduced in favour of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. As this, however, belongs to a set of questions which we never discuss, we can only mention the publication of the book, and state that in its way it seems to be an able one.

The Principles of Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Education. By W. Newnham, Esq., Author of "A Tribute of Sympathy." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1827. Hatchard and Son.

THIS is a comprehensive and sensible treatise upon a subject always of the utmost importance to mankind, and now, in consequence of the wider and spreading diffusion of instruction among the lower orders, of far greater import-

ance than it ever has been in the history of the world. By the extent to which the author has been led in his views (the two solid vols. contain nearly 1300 pages), we are precluded from following him on his various topics; and we must content ourselves with stating that his general principles are of the school styled the Evangelical;—that he nearly proscribes novels and poetry (except moral and sacred);—thinks (heinous offence to us!) periodical literature of little worth, as diffusing superficial information instead of deep knowledge; and holds that newspapers are pernicious publications. We shall only observe on so much of this rather sweeping censure as applies to ourselves—first, that even superficial intelligence is better than no intelligence at all; and, secondly, that the immense accumulation of facts in every branch of science and philosophy renders it impossible for any human being to acquire more than a very limited acquaintance with the prodigious circle. It is not, as of old, when the mind of one man could grasp the whole; and the scholar might challenge the universe to dispute with him on any subject.—He is in these days an able and extraordinary person who makes himself master of one or perhaps two of the many divisions of the vast cyclopaedia, and with regard to the rest, is satisfied to have no farther intimacy than he may obtain from a well-conducted periodical.

Upon the whole, we are afraid that Mr. Newnam's book is too long; but must say that it embraces much valuable matter.

The Naval and Military Quarterly Magazine.
London, J. Clero Smith.

We like the plan of this periodical. It is not fair to decide on a first Number, and this is rather made up; but if the design is prosecuted with spirit and industry, it must be successful. The Navy and Army want a record.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICAL ESSAYS.—NO. VI.

"The whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shivering morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."
Shakespeare.

A MORALIST, writing to improve the age, and looking with regret upon the increasing effeminacy of each succeeding generation, might judiciously recommend a return to the black bread, water-cresses, and Spartan fare of Lycurgus, in order to humble the pampered appetites of the youth of the present day, and to excite that manly disregard for the luxuries of the table which should ever characterise a period of life, when the mind—naturally ardent in search of knowledge, and scorning difficulties and danger in its acquirement—should look upon food only as the means of nourishing the frame, and of enabling the body to undergo fatigue. A physician, writing upon the subject of diet proper for youth, may hold the same opinions with the moralist, and, in conjunction with him, may regret the causes which have contributed to the degeneracy of the race: but it is his business to prescribe for the passing generation; and this office would be performed with little efficacy were he to recommend for the pale-faced, slender, wasp-waisted, school-boy dandy of this period, such rude aliments as supported the muscular, athletic youth of ancient times. It is with this impression that I commence this Essay upon the diet proper for that period of life which comes between infancy and manhood. In treating the subject, it will be necessary to consider the effect of climate, and the influence of the daily habits, and of predisposition to disease, in regu-

lating diet: and I shall add a few remarks on the influence of diet in facilitating or retarding the development of intellect.

I. *Influence of Climate.*—It requires little knowledge of the animal economy to be satisfied, that the diet which is adapted to one climate would prove prejudicial in another; that the strong fare of the Esquimaux could not be employed with impunity in the torrid zone; nor the rice and vegetable food of the natives of Hindostan in the Arctic circle. The moist and variable climate of the British isles requires, that the food of youth should be of a nature calculated not only to supply the ordinary waste of the frame, and administer to the growth of the body, but to impart that property to the animal solids which, in medical language, is termed *tone*; that is, a state of firmness and compactness, conjoined with the contractility peculiar to the living, healthy fibre. Without such a condition of the body, the functions of the vital organs cannot be properly performed; the action of the heart in particular, and of the larger arteries, becomes too languid to carry the blood through the innumerable convolutions of the minute or capillary vessels, which permeate the glandular and constitute the lymphatic system, and from the blood of which the secretions are produced, and nutrition and assimilation effected. In such a state of the body, the glands become obstructed, and the brain and nervous system acquire a morbid susceptibility both of internal stimuli and of external impressions; and that condition of the frame which is denominated *scrofulous* supervenes. In our climate, therefore, the diet of the youth of both sexes should not be of too fluid or of too mild or meagre a nature; but should comprehend a larger proportion of animal matter than would be admissible under other circumstances. Scrofula is, now, certainly less general among the middle and the higher ranks of society than formerly; and this may, in a great measure, be attributed to the custom of feeding boys and girls at school, less upon broths, puddings, and similar fluid and farinaceous articles, than was the custom half a century ago. Still, however, puddings and pastry form too large a proportion of the food of youth; and I am disposed to think, that the liberal supply of these, after a substantial meal of animal food—by producing a tendency to repletion—is nearly as prejudicial, from the indirect debility which results, as when direct debility was the consequence of their superseding more proper food. The best diet for youth in this climate, is undoubtedly a mixture of animal and vegetable food, plainly cooked, for dinner; with the usual breakfast and evening meal; adding a larger proportion of milk than is customary. If I were called upon to specify the kinds of animal food most suited for growing boys, who can take active exercise, I should certainly name mutton; but as it is good to accustom the stomach to every description of food, beef may be occasionally given; and even the least digestible meats, lamb and veal, should not be altogether prohibited. Every description of poultry and of game are readily digested, when not over-roasted: but, in this state, few articles of food disagree so much with the stomachs of the young, producing flatulence, foetid eructations, and other symptoms of indigestion. Fish is less nutritious, less digestible, and more flatulent than animal food, especially the dark-coloured fish, such as salmon and mackerel, and, therefore, is less adapted for the ordinary diet of young persons; but there can be no objection to its occasional use. Butter, eggs,

and cheese, are not unwholesome, except in peculiar states of the habit, which will be noticed in the next section. Salted meats, in general, are too stimulant for the period of life of which I am treating, although they are less likely to prove hurtful in this climate than in warmer regions. With respect to beverage, the temperament of youth, the natural exhilaration of the animal spirits and the ready excitability of the nervous system, at this age, render wine, porter, ale, and every stimulating liquor, not only superfluous, but highly injurious, even in our climate; and, to employ the language of a venerable, non-agenarian philosopher, Lord Monboddo, "to give youth ardent spirits is to anticipate old age, and to rob it of its staff." The drink of boys, therefore, should be confined to water and table beer. So much with regard to the quality of the food; it is equally necessary to attend to the regulation of the quantity, which is too often left to be determined solely by the appetite.

In the youth of both sexes, as food is required not only to supply the ordinary deterioration of the body, but to prop up the growing frame, a larger quantity, comparatively, is necessary, than in more advanced life: but the keen appetites of the young are apt to carry this beyond the powers of the stomach; and effects, nearly the same as those resulting from improper diet, ensue. When the stomach is overloaded, its digestive powers are diminished; much of the food passes from it without being converted into the pulsatious substance termed *chyme*, which is essential towards fitting the food to be introduced into the blood; and, therefore, instead of nourishing the body, the surplus aliment, which does not undergo this change, acts as an irritating matter to the intestines, causing various diseased states of them, and even producing obstructions of the mesenteric glands, and consequent atrophy. The appetite in youth should, therefore, be moderated; and, if too long intervals be not interposed between the meals, an under supply is less likely to injure than one that is redundant. This is an error into which parents are very apt to permit boys to fall, on their return from school, during the holidays; and it is, indeed, a frequent source of disease in school-boys.

If climate should influence the quality of diet in youth, the seasons of the year, also, must require a variation of it, both as regards quality and quantity. Thus, in summer, a larger quantity of fluid nutriment is necessary to supply the waste of the liquid part of the blood which is carried off in the form of perspiration: there is, also, a greater tendency, at this season, to febrile states of the body; and, therefore, more farinaceous matter, baked fruits, and sub-acid aliments, are admissible. In winter, on the other hand, as the cold, acting upon the surface, throws the blood, or rather retains it accumulated, upon the interior, a generous and somewhat stimulant diet is necessary, to aid in producing that reaction, without which the blood cannot be diffused over the surface, nor its healthful balance maintained.

From the foregoing remarks, if correct, the following inferences may be deduced: That the diet best adapted for the state of boyhood and youth, in this climate, is that of an animal kind, plainly cooked, and in moderate quantity; and that both the quality and the quantity of the food should be regulated by the seasons of the year.

II. *Influence of the Habits of Life.*—Con-

tingent circumstances modify every general law; and, therefore, however correct may be any set of rules for diet in youth, yet, as the habits of life vary, exceptions must necessarily be admitted to the strict observance of these. Thus, a boy living in the country, enjoying the free use of his limbs, and breathing a pure atmosphere, is much less likely to have his health affected by improprieties in diet, than one residing in a town, occupied, perhaps, in sedentary employments, and breathing a tainted, or, at least, a less pure air. A boy, also, who is at school, whose meals are early and regular, who is roused and excited by the companionship of his fellows, and enjoys the advantages of a play-ground, is capable of digesting a much coarser and stronger description of aliment than another who is under the parental roof, sharing the delicacies, and conforming to the late hours and irregular habits of home, and suffering from the comparative confinement of such a situation. Parents are not aware of the evils which they are instrumental in entailing upon their children, when, with the mistaken view of rendering their holidays more agreeable, they alter the regular habits which have been for some time pursued; permit indulgences which cannot be continued, and which only unfit the stomach for the plain and more wholesome food of school, and produce a feeling of dissatisfaction towards the early and more rational hours to which their return to it must subject them. I have already noticed that butter, eggs, and cheese, are unwholesome in certain states of the habit; I have now to particularise these states to be sluggishness of bowels, producing constipation, and a tendency to such an over supply of bile as renders this necessary and healthful secretion a cause of fever and of general constitutional disturbance. Exceptions to general rules for diet must also be made, in conformity to the rank of life and previous infantile habits of the individual; but no rank of life, nor any previous habits, can authorise indulgence in the luxuries of the table in boyhood and youth, nor can it be done with impunity.

[We are compelled to give the remainder of this Paper next week.]

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At Friday evening's meeting last week, Mr. Brockedon delivered a discourse upon wire-drawing, but by no means a wire-drawn discourse. He explained an improved method of drawing the finest wires, perfectly, through various precious stones, perforated for that purpose, and exhibited the machines, &c. with which the operation was performed. The lecture appeared to us to be both useful and curious.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MR. BROOKES'S second lecture on the Comparative Anatomy of the Ostrich, which was delivered at the house of this Society on Wednesday, attracted a distinguished and numerous audience. In this lecture, Mr. Brookes having adverted to the chain of affinities which leads from the least organised being up to the most perfect type of the animal kingdom, man, entered at considerable length upon a demonstration of the osteology of the ostrich, and pointed out the various peculiarities of the cranium, of the orbits, with some cursory remarks on the eye; and, when speaking of the temporal bones, made pertinent allusion to the organ of hearing in this extraordinary bird. He then proceeded to describe with great force and clearness the admirable machinery that forms the vertebrae

of the neck, the dorsal vertebrae, the ribs, &c.; and illustrated his observations by frequent reference to preparations of those parts in various species of birds, mammalia, reptiles, &c. and finally in man. All the preparations, which were handed to the company, were well calculated to create extreme interest; and by their aid, and by drawing unremittingly upon his own vast and peculiar stores of information, the scientific lecturer was enabled to elicit many curious facts relative to the anatomical construction of the ostrich and other birds. In referring to the organ of smelling, Mr. Brookes took occasion to remark on the acuteness of that organ in the eagle, and related a circumstance that happened to the fine specimen of that bird now in his possession, and which he has presented to the Society. Having discovered the bodies of two rats, which had died by poison laid for that purpose, and not knowing at the moment how to dispose of them, he deposited them under a heavy pewter basin at some considerable distance from and out of view of the eagle, which had been quite at liberty on his premises for a long period. But observing some hours afterwards the bird's ingluvies fully distended, he suspected that it might have discovered, by its olfactory organ, the secreted rats, which, on examination, proved to be the case. Doubting, therefore, whether the arsenic might not prove equally noxious to the eagle as it had previously done to the rats, by the aid of two of his anatomical students, he promptly secured the bird, and by an incision extracted from it the two poisoned animals. The learned lecturer concluded a long and highly scientific address by announcing his intention to continue his anatomical observations on Wednesday the 23d inst.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.
The Attack upon Versailles in 1789.

THE town of Versailles owed its splendour and wealth entirely to its being the royal residence, yet abounded with a population singularly ill-disposed towards the king and royal family. The national guards of the place, amounting to some thousands, were animated by the same feelings. There were only about four hundred *gardes de corps*, or life-guards, upon whom reliance could be placed for the defence of the royal family, in case of any popular tumult either in Versailles itself, or directed thither from Paris. These troops consisted of gentlemen of trust and confidence; but their numbers were few in proportion to the extent of the palace, and their quality rendered them obnoxious to the people as armed aristocrats.

About two thirds of their number, to avoid suspicion and gain confidence, had been removed to Rombouillet. In these circumstances, the grenadiers of the French guards, so lately in arms against the royal authority, with an inconsistency not unnatural to men of their profession, took it into their heads to become zealous for the recovery of the posts which they had formerly occupied around the king's person, and threatened openly to march to Versailles to take possession of the routine of duty at the palace, a privilege which they considered as their due, notwithstanding that they had deserted their posts against the king's command, and were now about to resume them contrary to his consent. The regiment of Flanders was brought up to Versailles, to prevent a movement fraught with so much danger to the

* Though indebted for this interesting extract to a North American Review, we can vouch for its accuracy.
—Ed. L. G.

royal family. The presence of this corps had been required by the municipality, and the measure had been acquiesced in by the assembly, though not without some expressive indications of suspicion.

The regiment of Flanders arrived accordingly, and the *gardes de corps*, according to a custom universal in the French garrisons, invited the officers to an entertainment, at which the officers of the Swiss guards, and those of the national guards of Versailles, were also guests. This ill-omened feast was given in the opera hall of the palace, almost within hearing of the sovereigns; the healths of the royal family were drunk with the enthusiasm naturally inspired by the situation. The king and queen imprudently agreed to visit the scene of festivity, carrying with them the dauphin. Their presence raised the spirits of the company, already excited by wine and music, to the highest pitch: royalist tunes were played; the white cockade distributed by the ladies who attended the queen, was mounted with enthusiasm; and it is said that the nation was trodden under foot.

If we consider the cause of this wild scene, it seems natural enough, that the queen, timid as a woman, anxious as a wife and a mother, might, in order to propitiate the favour of men who were summoned expressly to be the guard of the royal family, incautiously had recourse to imitate, in a slight degree, and towards one regiment, the arts of conciliation, which in a much grosser shape had been used by the popular party to shake the fidelity of the whole army. But it is impossible to conceive that the king or ministers could have hoped, by the transitory and drunken flash of enthusiasm elicited from a few hundred men during a carousal, to commence the counter-revolution, which they dared not attempt, when they had at their command thirty thousand troops, under an experienced general.

But as no false step among the royalists remained unimproved by their adversaries, the military feast of Versailles was presented to the people of Paris under a light very different from that in which it must be viewed by posterity. The jacobins were the first to sound the alarm through all their clubs and societies, and the hundreds of hundreds of popular orators whom they had at their command, excited the citizens by descriptions of the most dreadful plots, fraught with massacres and proscriptions. Every effort had already been used to heat the popular mind against the king and queen, whom, in allusion to the obnoxious power granted to them by the law, they had of late learned to curse and insult under the names of Monsieur and Madame Veto. The king had recently delayed yielding his sanction to the declarations of the rights of man, until the constitution was complete. This had been severely censured by the assembly, who spoke of sending a deputation to extort his consent to these declarations, before presenting him with the practical results which they intended to bottom on them. A dreadful scarcity, amounting nearly to a famine, rendered the populace even more accessible than usual to desperate councils. The feasts, amid which the aristocrats were represented as devising their plots, seemed an insult on the public misery. When the minds of the lower orders were thus prejudiced, it was no difficult matter to produce an insurrection.

That of the 5th October, 1789, was of a singular description, the insurgents being chiefly of the female sex. The market women, *dames aux halles*, as they are called, half au-

sexed by the masculine nature of their employments, and entirely so by the ferocity of their manners, had figured early in the revolution. With these were allied and associated most of the worthless and barbarous of their own sex, such disgraceful specimens of humanity as serve but to shew in what a degraded state it may be found to exist. Females of this description began to assemble early in the morning in large groups, with the cries of "bread," which so easily rouse a starving metropolis. There were observed amongst them many men disguised as women, and they compelled all the females they met to go along with them. They marched to the Hotel de Ville, broke boldly through several squadrons of the national guards, who were drawn up in front of that building for its defence, and were with difficulty dissuaded from burning the records it contained. They next seized a magazine of arms, with three or four pieces of cannon, and were joined by a miscellaneous rabble, armed with pikes, staves, and similar instruments, who called themselves the conquerors of the Bastille. The still increasing multitude re-echoed the cry of "Bread! Bread!—To Versailles! to Versailles!"

The national guard were now called out in force, but speedily shewed their officers that they too were infected with the humour of the times, and as much indisposed to subordination as the mob, to disperse which they were summoned. La Fayette put himself at their head, not to give his own, but to receive their orders. They refused to act against women, who, they said, were starving; and in their turn demanded to be led to Versailles, to dethrone—such was their language—"the king, who was a driveller, and place the crown on the head of his son." La Fayette hesitated, implored, explained; but he had as yet to learn the situation of a revolutionary general. "Is it not strange," said one of his soldiers, who seemed quite to understand the military relation of officer and private on such an occasion, "is it not strange that La Fayette pretends to command the people, when it is his part to receive orders from them?"

Soon afterwards an order arrived from the Assembly of the Commune of Paris, enjoining the commandant's march, upon his own report that it was impossible to withstand the will of the people. He marched accordingly in good order, and at the head of a large force of the national guard, about four or five hours after the departure of the mob, who, while he waited in a state of indecision, were already far on their way to Versailles.

It does not appear that the king or his ministers had any information of these hostile movements. Assuredly there could not have been a royalist in Paris willing to hazard a horse or a groom to carry such intelligence, where the knowledge of it must have been so important. The leading members of the Assembly, assembled at Versailles, were better informed. "These gentlemen," said Barban-tanne, looking at the part of the hall where the nobles and clergy usually sat, "wish more light—they shall have lanterns, they may rely upon it." Mirabeau went behind the chair of Mounier, the president, "Paris is marching upon us," he said. "I know not what you mean," said Mounier. "Believe me or not, all Paris is marching upon us; dissolve the sitting." "I never hurry the deliberations," said Mounier. "Then feign illness," said Mirabeau; "go to the palace, tell them what I say, and give me for authority." But there is not a minute to lose, Paris marches

upon us." "So much the better," answered Mounier; "we will be a republic the sooner." Mounier must be supposed to speak ironically, and in allusion not to his own opinions, but to Mirabeau's revolutionary tenets. Another account of this singular conversation states his answers to have been, "All the better. If the mob kill all of us, remark, I say all of us, it will be the better for the country."

Shortly after this singular dialogue, occasioned, probably, by a sudden movement, in which Mirabeau shewed the aristocratic feelings from which he never could shake himself free,—the female battalion, together with their masculine allies, continued their march uninterruptedly, and entered Versailles in the afternoon, singing patriotic airs, intermingled with blasphemous obscenities and the most furious threats against the queen. Their first visit was to the National Assembly, where the beating of drums, shouts, shrieks, and a hundred confused sounds, interrupted the deliberations. A man called Mailland, brandishing a sword in his hand, and supported by a woman holding a long pole, to which was attached a tambour de basque, commenced an harangue in the name of the sovereign people. He announced that they wanted bread; that they were convinced the ministers were traitors; that the arm of the people was uplifted, and about to strike; with much to the same purpose, in the exaggerated eloquence of the period. The same sentiments were echoed by his followers, mingled with the bitterest threats, against the queen in particular, that fury could contrive, expressed in language of the most energetic brutality.

The Amazons then crowded into the Assembly, mixed themselves with the members, occupied the seats of the president, of the secretaries, produced or procured victuals and wine, drank, sung, swore, scolded, screamed, abused some of the members, and loaded others with their loathsome caresses.

A deputation of these mad women at last sent to St. Priest, the minister, a determined royalist, who received them sternly, and replied to their demand of bread: "When you had but one king you never wanted bread; you now have twelve hundred—go ask it of them." They were introduced to the king, however, and were so much struck with the kind interest which he took in the state of Paris, that their hearts relented in his favour, and the deputies returned to their constituents, shouting *Vive le Roi!*

Had the tempest depended on the mere popular breeze, it might now have been lulled to sleep; but there was a secret ground-swell, a heaving upwards of the bottom of the abyss, which could not be conjured down by the awakened feelings or convinced understandings of the deputation. A cry was raised that the deputies had been bribed to represent the king favourably; and, in this humour of suspicion, the army of Amazons stripped their garters for the purpose of strangling their own delegates. They had by this time ascertained that neither the national guard of Versailles, nor the regiment of Flanders, whose transitory loyalty had passed away with the fumes of the wine of the banquet, would oppose them by force; and that they had only to deal with the *gardes de corps*, who dared not act with vigour, lest they should provoke a general attack on the place, while the most complete distraction and indecision reigned within its precincts. Bold in consequence, the female mob seized on the exterior avenues of the palace, and threatened destruction to all within.

The attendants of the king saw it necessary to take measures for the safety of his person, but they were marked by indecision and confusion. A force was hastily gathered of two or three hundred gentlemen, who, it was proposed, should mount the horses of the royal stud, and escort the king to Rambouillet, out of this scene of confusion. The *gardes de corps*, with such assistance, might certainly have forced their way through a mob of the tumultuary description which surrounded them; and the escape of the king from Versailles, under circumstances so critical, might have had a great effect in changing the current of popular feeling. But those opinions prevailed which recommended that he should abide the arrival of La Fayette with the civic force of Paris.

It was now night, and the armed rabble of both sexes shewed no intention of departing or breaking up. On the contrary, they bivouacked after their own manner upon the parade, where the soldiers generally mustered. There they kindled large fires, ate, drank, sung, caroused, and occasionally discharged their fire-arms. Scuffles arose from time to time, and one or two of the *gardes de corps* had been killed and wounded in the quarrel, which the rioters had endeavoured to fasten on them; besides which, this devoted corps had sustained a volley from their late guests, the national guard of Versailles. The horse of a *garde de corps*, which fell into the hands of these female demons, was killed, torn in pieces, and eaten, half raw and half roasted. Every thing seemed tending to a general engagement, when late at night the drums announced the approach of La Fayette at the head of his civic army, which moved slowly, but in good order.

The presence of this great force seemed to restore a portion of tranquillity, though no one seemed to know with certainty how it was likely to act. La Fayette had an audience of the king, explained the means he had adopted for the security of the palace, recommended to the inhabitants to go to rest, and unhappily he also set the example by retiring himself. Before doing so, however, he also visited the Assembly, pledged himself for the safety of the royal family and the tranquillity of the night, and with some difficulty prevailed on the president, Mounier, to adjourn the sitting, which had been voted permanent. He thus took upon himself the responsibility for the quiet of the night. We are loath to bring into question the worth, honour, and fidelity of La Fayette; and we can only therefore lament that weariness should have so far overcome him at an important crisis, and that he should have trusted to others the execution of those precautions which were most grossly neglected.

A band of rioters found means to penetrate into the palace about three in the morning, through a gate which was left unlocked and unguarded. They rushed to the queen's apartment, and bore down the few *gardes de corps* who hastened to her defence. The sentinel knocked at the door of her bed-chamber, called to her to escape, and then gallantly exposed himself to the fury of the murderers. His single opposition was almost instantly overcome, and he himself left for dead. Over his bleeding body they forced their way into the queen's apartment; but their victim, reserved for farther and worse woes, had escaped by a secret passage into the chamber of the king, while the assassins, bursting in, stabbed the bed she had just left with pikes and swords.

The *gardes de corps* assembled in what was called the *Cell de Boeuf*, and endeavoured there to defend themselves; but several, unable to

gain this place of refuge, were dragged down into the court-yard, where a wretch, distinguished by a long beard, a broad, bloody axe, and a species of armour which he wore on his person, had taken on himself, by taste and choice, the office of executioner. The strangeness of the villain's costume, the sanguinary relish with which he discharged his office, and the hoarse roar with which from time to time he demanded new victims, made him resemble some demon, whom hell had vomited forth to augment the wickedness and horror of the scene.

Two of the *gardes de corps* were already beheaded, and the man with the beard was clamorous to do his office upon the others who had been taken, when La Fayette, roused from his repose, arrived at the head of a body of grenadiers of the old French guards, who had been lately incorporated with the civic guard, and were probably the most efficient part of his force. He did not think of avenging the unfortunate gentlemen who lay murdered before his eyes for the discharge of their military duty, but he entreated his soldiers to save him the dishonour of breaking his word, which he had pledged to the king, that he would protect the *gardes de corps*. It is probable he attempted no more than was in his power, and so far acted wisely, if not generously.

To redeem Monsieur de la Fayette's pledge, the grenadiers did what they ought to have done in the name of the king, the law, the nation, and insulted humanity. They cleared, and with perfect ease, the court of the palace from the bands of murderous bacchantes and their male associates. The instinct of ancient feelings was in some degree awakened in the grenadiers: they experienced a sudden sensation of compassion and kindness for the *gardes de corps*, whose duty on the royal person they had in former times shared. There arose a cry among them, "Let us save the *gardes de corps*, who saved us at Fontenoy." They took them under their protection, exchanged their caps with them in sign of friendship and fraternity, and a tumult, which had something of the character of joy, succeeded to that which had announced nothing but blood and death.

The outside of the palace was still besieged by the infuriated mob, who demanded, with hideous cries, and exclamations the most barbarous and obscene, to see the Austrian, as they called the queen. The unfortunate princess appeared on the balcony, with one of her children in each hand. A voice from the crowd called out "No children!" as if on purpose to deprive the mother of that appeal to humanity which might move the hardest heart. Marie Antoinette, with a force of mind worthy of Maria Theresa, her mother, pushed her children back into the room, and turning her face to the tumultuous multitude, which tossed and roared beneath, brandishing their pikes and guns with the wildest attitudes of rage. The reviled, persecuted, and denounced queen stood before them, her arms folded on her bosom, with a noble air of courageous resignation. The secret reason of this summons—the real cause of repelling the children—could only be to afford a chance of some desperate hand among the crowd executing the threats which resounded on all sides. Accordingly, a gun was actually levelled, but one of the bystanders struck it down; for the passions of the mob had taken an opposite turn, and, astonished at Marie Antoinette's noble presence and graceful firmness of demeanour, there arose, almost in spite of themselves, a general shout of *Vive la Reine!*

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A NEW Exhibition of his Majesty's private collection, most munificently presented to the British Institution for that purpose, will be opened at the gallery in Pall Mall on Monday. We have had the favour of a glance at it; and it gives us pleasure to state, that London never witnessed so interesting and admirable a spectacle of art. There are many (perhaps twenty) pictures which were not in the former season; but the grand effect is produced by the skilful disposition of the whole. The North Room is in a perfect blaze with the most splendid productions of Dutch, Flemish, and (we rejoice to add) English masterpieces. At present we can say no more; but we do not hesitate to promise the public the greatest treat in the fine arts which has ever been seen in this country.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

ON Saturday last this excellent charity held its annual meeting; the Earl of Aberdeen in the chair, supported by many distinguished lovers and professors of the fine arts. The best criterion we can give of the merits of the entertainment, is to state, that nearly £800 were the fruits of his Lordship's presidency, the bounty of those around him, and the exertions of the stewards and friends of the Fund. Being unable to attend, we cannot (nor is it very necessary) state details.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second; with Memoirs, Critical and Biographical. By D. B. Murphy, Esq. Part I. M. Colwagh; Longman and Co.; Pickering.

THE literary merits of this publication are so superior in order that we must regret the pressure of various matters which absolutely precludes us from doing it justice. But we console ourselves with the reflection that, as it proceeds—as from its merits it will, we trust, do prosperously—we shall have frequent opportunities of repairing this neglect. At present all we have room to state is, that four of the Beauties of the court of Charles II. are engraved in a very able style in this Part, from cabinet copies of the portraits executed for the late Princess Charlotte. While the plates delight the eye, and shew (far from Windsor or Hampton Court) what were the features of the gay and licentious fair who shone in the court of Charles,—the text throws very considerable light on their fashions of dress, their importations from France, and other curious matters connected with these times. The first also contains short but excellent notices of Sir Peter Lely, Huysman, Wissing, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, besides Jervas and Dahl. It concludes with an excellent notice of Queen Catherine; and is altogether a performance we can commend to the lovers not only of the fine arts, but of literature.

Christ dispossessing the Demoniacs. By W. C. Ross.

OF this picture, which attracted so much notice in the British Gallery two years ago, a proof print has just been sent to us, lithographed in a very able and powerful manner. We always viewed the original as one of the highest efforts of any young painter in our native school; and that opinion is confirmed by its effect for the portfolio. The two Demoniacs are grand studies, and well contrasted with the group of the Saviour and his Disciples. If the latter

had more of positive colour, we think it would have been more perfect; but it would be wrong to criticise for the sake of finding fault with a production so honourable to the talents of an artist as this is to Mr. Ross.

Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still.

Painted and engraved by J. Martin.

OF this splendid production of genius, what shall we say? We had not yet forgotten the impression made upon our mind by the first sight of the picture; and it has been vividly revived by this superb print. Notwithstanding all that Mr. Martin has since done,—notwithstanding his *Babylon*, his *Hand-writing on the Wall*, his *Milton*, and other great works,—notwithstanding all these, we have seen no brighter and surer passport to fame than the work before us. It is full of grandeur, sublimity, and poetry,—an honour to the artist, and a pride to his country. Without being hyperbolic, we would say the sun will again stand still before such masterly effusions cease to be admired.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

GENIUS.

Lines suggested by a View of the Sculpture designed by Mr. Lough, and described in last week's Literary Gazette.

GLORY of earth, and light from heaven,

Young Genius! but for thee,
And the wild wonders to thee given,
How base our earth would be!

Bright halls, where meet the vain and cold,
The idle and the gay,
With feelings cast in one set mould—
Do they redeem our clay?

The mart, where for gold's sordid sake
The trader sears his heart—
Is there aught of the things that make
Our nature's nobler part?

Or in the hind who duly plies
Each day's accustomed beat;
As very dust as that which lies
Unconscious at his feet?

Or in those higher ranks that know
No world of inward thought,
As vapid as their outward show,—
Vanity vainly bought?

And yet this world is animate
With the fine spirit sent,
Vivid as Hope, and strong as Fate,—
Mind's purer element.

Like mountains with one golden vein
Of rich ore running through;
Like that ore asking but the pain
Of being brought to view.

Such is mankind, and such the store
That dwells within his mind;
Or rather, some there are whose ore
Is wealth for half their kind.

Young Sculptor! whose creative hand
Has waked these thoughts in me,
While thine own works around thee stand,
How proud thy soul must be!

The red fire kindling without touch;
The fountain's sudden birth;
So, Genius, dost thou rise, and such
Thy likenesses on earth.

The youth I speak of, is he not
Touch'd with thy fire by thee?
Has not thy guidance cast his lot,
His mind, his destiny?

Strange interest must it be to know
How it within him work'd;
What chance ray caused the leaves to blow,
Whose germs within him lurk'd.

Was it beside some summer stream,
That came that haunted hour
The forms that haunt enthusiast dream,
Of grace and depth and power;
And bade him mould them for his own,
Till both grew half divine?
Young master of the breathing stone,
It rocks not,—they are thine!
Art thou not bound to that fair shore
Where art's great wonders be?
What miser's wealth to thee the store
Of classic Italy!
And worship there her gifted band,
Till thou again shalt come,
With practised eye, and perfect hand,
To England, fame, and home.

L. E. L.

MUSIC.

BESIDES the four brothers Herrmann, from Munich, who have lately become so favourably known by their public performances at the theatres, and by a private one at Mrs. Coutts's; another vocal quartett party—also four brothers, and from nearly the same part of the world as the former—has arrived in the metropolis. They call themselves the Tyrolean family. Rainer, (the second four brothers alluded to, and their sister, who likewise sings), and come from the neighbourhood of Inspruck. They give the most favourite national airs in a very characteristic manner; and the peculiarity of their talent, joined to the novelty of their national costume, will no doubt procure them here as favourable a reception as they met with in Berlin, whither they had been invited by the King of Prussia. Their first public appearance will be some day next week, after they shall have sung at the Prince Esterhazy's, their patron's, private party. Though they sing without notes and instruments to guide them, their exactness, after they have once fixed upon the same pitch, is truly wonderful. At the commencement, only, they appeared to us to be now and then a little out of tune.

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Here, Mr. Mathews promises us only ten or twelve nights more, we therefore remind our friends to take time by the forelock.

Our old and valued favourite, Mr. Jones, we observe with regret, is about to take his last benefit at Covent Garden Theatre; after which, we hear, he will make a wide provincial tour, and finish his dramatic career where he began it, with so much spirit and success, by performing next season at Dublin. Both on and off the stage he has always been an ornament to his profession; and the best wishes of the public must go with him into retirement.

MR. MACREADY.—The following are the latest notices we have read in American journals of this admirable performer, whose success in America we are glad to observe is commensurate with his high deserts.

Boston, 17th March.

Theatre.—Mr. Macready closed a very successful engagement last evening, with the performance of *Macbeth*. The premium paid yesterday at the auction for the choice of boxes amounted to \$388 50. The address of this gifted tragedian, at the close of the interlude, received the rapturous plaudits of a most brilliant, fashionable, and numerous audience.—*Columbian Sentinel*.

Philadelphia, 3d April.

Theatre.—Mr. Macready played *Hamlet* in his very best style on Friday evening, and *Henry the Fifth* and *Petruchio* on Saturday. Last night he performed *Macbeth*. His houses continue good, and he fully sustains the high reputation with which he came to the country.

—Aurora.

Mrs. Knight (ci-devant Miss Povey) is also, we perceive, playing with success at Boston.

IMPROVISATORE.

MR. PISTRUCCI's performance of the Aristodemo, at the King's Theatre, was very ably sustained; and we found his action in this piece much superior to his Brutus of last year. He was particularly powerful in all those parts where expression and force were required; but was not so successful in the pathetic. Indeed, he seems to want that flexibility and change of tone for which the great Italian tragedian, Demorini, is so eminent, in the sudden passage from violence to an impressive calm; but when we consider the little experience Mr. Pistrucci has had as a dramatic performer, we are of opinion that with practice he will become a very superior actor. His peculiar merit, however, is as an improvisatore, of which he gave us a delightful specimen, by treating many difficult subjects with the utmost ease. The most surprising was a sonnet, with obligatory rhymes, given by many of the audience, as well as the subject, which was Galileo: he treated it as well and as easily as if he had been reading it from a book, although he had such far-fetched rhymes given to him as pumpkin, wig, &c. &c. His genius in that respect is wonderful.

VARIETIES.

Compression of Gas.—By some experiments which have lately been made in France, it appears that several of the gases, submitted to a high pressure, deviate sensibly from Mariotte's law, at the moment at which they approach liquefaction; particularly the ammoniacal and cyanogenic gases, and the sulphurous and hydro-sulphuric acids. Hydrogen gas, on the contrary, under a similar pressure (twenty atmospheres) does not give the same result. It remains united with the air.

Larive, the celebrated French tragedian, the *élève* and friend of the famous Clafion, died lately at Montignon, aged seventy-eight. He published several works connected with the dramatic art.

Rumford Medal.—The Rumford medal has been adjudged by the Royal Society to M. Fresnel, a member of the French Académie des Sciences, for the ingenious theory on which he founds the explanation which he has given of the polarisation of light. M. Fresnel is the first French natural philosopher since Malus who has obtained this medal, which is given every two years for the most successful work on light or heat.

Mr. Joseph Cartwright, a member of the Society of British Artists, has, we are informed, been appointed marine painter to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Lord High Admiral of England.

A curious and ample *Herbier* of J. J. Rousseau, which we have seen with much interest, is now for sale in London: such are the remarkable changes of property, and we may say the influx and offer of every thing valuable or rare to this country. The description of the present singular *Herbier* says:—“Cette précieuse collection, à laquelle peuvent se rattacher

cher tant de souvenirs, se compose d'environ huit cents espèces de végétaux, renfermés dans huit volumes brochés, recouverts en parchemin, et propres à orner les rayons d'une Bibliothèque, où ils seraient de complément à l'édition in-4° des Œuvres du Philosophe Genevois.” It may be seen at Rolandi's in Berners Street.

New Plan.—Some one has sent us a curious scheme for emigration and paying off all the national burdens. He says there are 2000 millions of unappropriated acres in the British empire, and he proposes that they should be surveyed, lotted, and sold. Thus the mother country would be relieved of surplus population, and enriched; and thus Canada, New Holland, &c. would be colonised; and thus discovery and science would be benefited!!

Hydrophobia.—A traveller from Greece has communicated to the French Academy a mode of treatment employed in Thrace in cases of the bite of mad animals. It consists in making incisions under the tongue, at any period of the disease, and without any regard to the appearance of the ordinary pustules there. This remedy is regarded in Thrace as so infallible, that no apprehensions of hydrophobia are entertained in that country.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

MR. J. P. NEALE, who has lately been making views of several interesting mansions, for the concluding Nos. of his *Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats*, promises to resume the publication of that work in the course of the ensuing autumn.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Malte Brun's Geography, Vol. 6. Part I. 7s. 6d. sewed.—Bolter's Quarterly Magazine, No. VI. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Macculloch on Malabar, 8vo. 16s. 6d.—The Reigning Vice, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Conversations on Mythology, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Pickersill's (Mrs.) Tales of the Harrow, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Hathaway's Essays, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Taylor's Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Journal of an Officer in the King's German Legion, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Harrington's (Sir Josiah) Personal Sketches, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Selden's Law of Disenters, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Verrill's Sketches of Hayti, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Poynder's Speech on Human Sacrifices in India, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Hall (Dr. Marshall) on some Diseases of Females, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Vieland's Course of the French Language, 8vo. 16s. 6d. bds.—Laurent's Herodotus, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—London in the Old Times, 2d series, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Gurney's Essays, new edition, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Higgin's Celtic Druids, 50 Plates, 4to. 3s. 6d. bds.—royal 4to. 4s. 6d. bds.—Scenes of Industry, 12mo. 6s. 6d. hf. bds.—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Mammalia, 5 vols. 4to. 14s. 6d. bds.; royal 8vo. coloured, 14s. 6d. bds.; plain, 10s. 6d. bds.; demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Pumpkin's (Bier. J.) Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Sermons on the Ten Commandments, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 10	From 34 to 58.	29.70 to 29.80.
Friday.... 11	— 41. — 61.	29.65 — 29.68
Saturday.. 12	— 34. — 60.	29.97 — 30.00
Sunday.... 13	— 32. — 58.	29.80 — 29.75
Monday... 14	— 43. — 53.	29.77 — 29.78
Tuesday.. 15	— 44. — 60.	29.68 — 29.65
Wednesday 16	— 39. — 67.	29.50 — 29.30

Wind variable; N. and N.E. prevailing.
To the 14th generally clear; since which, generally cloudy, with rain at times.
Rain fallen .1 of an inch.
Edinburgh.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As we are so desirous of keeping every No. of our Gazette as well as every Monthly or Quarterly Part, and Annual Volume as whole as possible in itself, that we are inclined to offer an apology for the many divided subjects in the present. But we trust that the interest of most of the articles will be our excuse, and even induce our readers to look with impatience to their sequel next Saturday.

* * * In order to make room for the variety of new and interesting matter in our present No. we have been obliged to postpone many articles intended for the Gazette, and also to abridge our advertising columns.

Declined, for various causes, with acknowledgments, S. A. B. W.—Es. Peck—Z. Z.—Ellis—Of. R.—T. S. We cannot enter into the matter between the Author of Sibyl Leaves and any other publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALE

His Majesty, upon the request of the Directors, and to gratify the wishes of the Public, has been graciously pleased to allow his Private Collection of Pictures, with several very interesting Additions, to be again exhibited.

The Gallery will be opened on Monday, May 1st, and continue open daily, from Ten to Six o'clock.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. The

Exhibition of the Society of British Artists is open Daily to the Public, from Nine in the Morning till Six in the Evening.

D. T. EGERTON, Secretary.

N.B. Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

DR. ASHBY SMITH will begin his

Summer Course of Lectures on Diseases of the Skin, on Thursday, May 31, at his House, 12, Bloomsbury Square. These Lectures, illustrated by Drawings, and founded upon the Classification and Arrangement of the late Dr. Willan, form a practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Complaints, and comprise a full Detail of the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of those Diseases.

Further Particulars may be known by applying to Dr. Smith, at his Residence, above mentioned.

Terrestrial Plants.—Published by Miss Jane Busby, and sold by J. Gardner, 102, Regent Street.

A TERRESTRIAL PLANTSPHERE, on

an entirely new Plan, by means of which the principal Problems usually solved by the Globe, may be performed with great accuracy. Price 3s. each case, with a pamphlet, containing a Description of the Plantisphere, and Mode of working the Instrument.

Important Lithographic Works. Published by Engelmann, Graf, Colindale, and Co. Lithographic Establishment for Printing Drawings, Maps, Plans, Writings, &c., 40, Dean Street, Soho Square, London.

VIEWS IN SCOTLAND, taken from Nature,

and Drawn on Stone. By F. NICHOLSON, Esq.

Part I. to III. each containing Four Prints. Folio, price 3s. plain, 7s. on India paper, and 10s. coloured.

2. A Picturesque Tour in the Brazils, from

Sketches by Maurice Ragenades, with Descriptions in French. Revised by Baron Humboldt. No. I. folio, price 12s. plain, and 15s. on India paper.

3. This work will consist of twenty numbers, each containing five plates, folio, and will be divided into four parts. The first part, containing six numbers, will contain Views of the Country. The second, third, and fourth parts, will contain illustrations of the Mammoth, Customs, and Amusements of the Europeans, Indians, and Negroes.

3. Views in Switzerland, by Villeneuve, with

a Description of the Country, in a Series of Letters, in French.

4. This work will be divided into portions, each part perfect in itself. There have appeared at present, the first Part or Division, (Bernard Bernini), consisting of six numbers. Part II. (Jean Etienne de Bussy), of four numbers. Part III. (Lac des Cantons), of six numbers; and Nos. I. and II. of Part IV. (Lac de Geneva). Each number contains four plates, with letter-press. Printed in folio, price 10s. plain, and 12s. on India paper.

4. Views on the Rhine, from Francfort, by

Cologne. Nos. I. to VI. folio, each containing six plates, price 12s. plain, and 15s. on India paper.

5. A Picturesque and Military Journey in

Spain by M. C. Langlois. With Descriptions, and Notes of the Military Actions of the Peninsular War, furnished by Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, General de Camille, Lamarque, Souham, Petit, &c. Nos. I. to V. folio, each containing four plates, with letter-press, price 8s. plain, and 10s. on India paper.

6. Medical Gallery. Portraits of the most

celebrated Physicians of all Countries and Ages, since Hippocrates to the present time, from the most authentic Drawings, by R. P. Vigneron; with Biographical and Literary Notices, by G. Fourn, Doctor of Medicine, Paris. Nos. I. to V. each containing four portraits, with eight pages of letter-press, folio, price 10s. plain, and 12s. on India paper.

7. Principles of Drawing, by F. T. Rochard,

Nos. I. and II. (Studies of the Head, after the best Models), each containing six plates, folio, price 7s.

8. Four Views, by William Westall, A.R.A.

Waterloo Bridge.—Westminster Bridge.—Regent's Park.—Greenwich Park and Hospital, with a distant View of London. Size, 12 inches, by 9. Price 3s. 6d. plain, 5s. on India paper, and 6s. coloured.

9. A View of Scarborough, drawn by F.

Nicholson. Size, 21 inches, by 15, price 3s. plain, and 5s. on India paper.

10. Les Precieuses Ridicules, (Subject from

Moliere), drawn by M. Gauci, after an original Picture, by A. E. Chalon, Esq. R.A. Size, 10 inches by 12, price 10s. 6d. on India paper, and 12s. on India paper.

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3. This work will consist of twenty numbers, each containing five plates, folio, and will be divided into four parts. The first part, containing six numbers, will contain Views of the Country. The second, third, and fourth parts, will contain illustrations of the Mammoth, Customs, and Amusements of the Europeans, Indians, and Negroes.

3. Views in Switzerland, by Villeneuve, with a Description of the Country, in a Series of Letters, in French.

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